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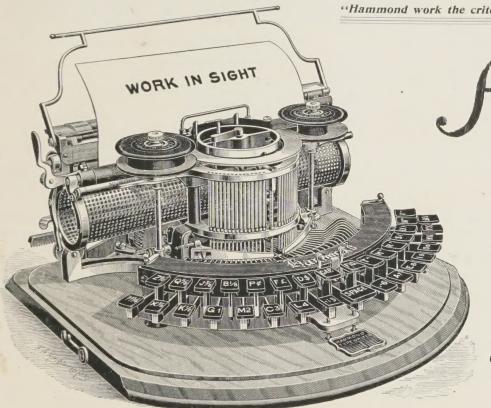
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ROM the standpoint of one who would chronicle something new and startling as the outcome of another year of life in Oberlin College, the past year must be pronounced decidedly dull. There is not even the usual number of changes in the Faculty with which to extend the history of the year. However, tho' less available for historical purposes, the year has been, on the whole, one of the best and most thoroughly enjoyable which Oberlin has had in a long time. The spirit of work has animated it, and there has been an unusual religious earnestness, which has left a lasting impression on the student body.

In the Faculty the changes have been fewer than usual. Professor Black accepted a call to Colby, where he had denominational affiliations. Professor Chamberlain had been so long with us, and was withal a man of such sympathetic nature that his going brought a sense of personal loss to every one in Oberlin, whether in the Faculty, among the students, or in the town. It will be a long time before we shall become reconciled to the change; but all will unite in wish-

with the return of Professor King, fresh from his year of study in Berlin, the courses in Philosophy have taken on new life and interest. In the sum total of spiritual forces here Professor King's training class is not less important than is his intellectual work. This class has been of exceptional interest during the past year, and the members of it have given evidence of their appreciation of the work by providing for the Professor's vacation in a most satisfactory manner. Professors Carver and Gaylord have equaled the expectations which their letters of recommendation aroused. It is entirely within the truth to say that there has never been a greater interest in their departments than during the past year. Nor should the faithful work and genial personal influence of Mr. Harris be overlooked.

In the Institution as a whole, no one event has been so noteworthy as the remarkable religious interest which has pervaded the entire year but was especially felt throughout the winter term. This interest was remarkable, not only in its extent—reaching, as it did, all departments, and especially the young men—but yet more in the quietness and naturalness of its development and progress. Classes were not suspended. Work

of all kinds went on as usual. But in little groups and in personal conversations among the men themselves, with little outside pressure to develop it, the work steadily grew. It was thoroughly natural, and therefore we may reasonably expect that the results will be abiding.

Among the evidences which go to prove the growing carnestness of the intellectual life of the College, nothing is more conspicuous than the growth of voluntary clubs. These valuable adjuncts of the class-room continue to flourish, and new ones are added each year. To the Agassiz Chapter, Mathematical Seminar, Botany Club, Deutscher Verein, and Cercle Français, are this year added the Philosophy Club and the Economic Club. Work in these organizations grows in favor, and this is one of the surest signs that the class-room instruction has passed the "recitation" stage and has really led up to "study." Not less encouraging is the formation of "Harmonia," the Conservatory Literary Society. Such organizations in the Conservatory will soon revolutionize the popular conception as to the quality of mind required in one who is to study music. Mission Study Class and the many Bible Circles give evidence that religion is here intellectually in earnest as well as spiritually active. Nor do the literary societies, Academy, College and Seminary, seem to have suffered by these other organizations. It is an encouraging sign that more Freshmen are entering societies than have done so in recent years.

Among the new courses offered, the one which, from the nature of the subject as well as from the experience of the instructor, attracted most attention was the elective offered by the Seminary in Christian Sociology. The Institute of Christian Sociology held last November, and the summer school of Sociology, which is to immediately follow Commencement, have afforded and will afford exceptional opportunities to see and hear the great thinkers and agitators of this country. Such opportunities as these, and those offered by the Thursday Lectures and the Artists' Recitals, may be considered as a fair equivalent of the supposed advantages offered by college life in a great city, while Oberlin has none of the disadvantages or the nervous tension which always go with city life. The lectures in the French language by Professor Wightman and Instructor Cowdery are a capital innovation, which other language departments should imitate.

In the College Department, the concentration of all reports and excuses in the hands of one officer ought to give greater efficiency in administration, and ought to bring greater satisfaction to all concerned. It will no doubt ultimately lead to the appointment of a Dean with special powers and duties, and thus give a needed unity to the College Department. The Men's Conference of officers and students, tho' laboring under the disadvantage of inadequate time, has shown clearly of what advantage it might be, and should be developed still more. The Athletic Committee has handled the problems confronting it with great tact and good sense, and has secured the entire confidence of both Faculty and students.

Financially the year has been of necessity one of strict economy, and there have been few additions to the endowment. The Brooks Professorship has been completed by the addition of property estimated as worth at least \$7,000. The First Church of Oberlin has completed a Seminary Scholarship of one thousand dollars. Mrs. Elmira Bishop Hammon, of Dryden, N. Y., has given \$1,000 to found the Mary Jane Bishop Graves Scholarship in aid of self-supporting young women. Other gifts of money for various objects of current interest have been received. The Rockefeller Rink has been erected during the year, and will not only furnish recreation in winter, but will greatly extend the usefulness of the Woman's Gymnasium at other periods of the year. Important additions have been made to the Herbarium and to the Museum, while the Library has been largely increased, and has received the B. P. MacKoon Collection, by which its resources in classical antiquities and the Romance languages are much enlarged. The steady additions from the Harkness, Wrisley, and Munsell funds are making a very complete library of French and German literature, while the musical section of the Library is beginning to be adequate for the work which Professor Dickinson is doing in musical history. Among additions to our works of art should be mentioned the beautiful bust of our generous friend, Mr. E. I. Baldwin, and the copy of the celebrated bronze, sogenannlen Plato, from Herculaneum.

Despite the continued hard times, the attendance has been much larger than last year. The College department, however, with the Literary course entirely eliminated, and with its small Senior Class (the result of the increased requirements of admission four years ago) is at the lowest point which it is likely to reach. It ought now to steadily increase until it has at least double its present attendance. The increased attention to press correspondence, and the systematic visitation of high schools, both under the efficient management of Professor Cressy, are steadily diffusing a wider knowledge of Oberlin and its advantages throughout the State, and in the long run will certainly increase the attendance of the school very much.

So, as we review the events of the past year and turn to look towards the future, there are many signs of promise and many reasons for encouragement. With a continued increase in attendance, with a larger endowment, with a new Science building, and the much needed Men's Gymnasium—all of which must come before long—Oberlin may well look forward to the 20th century with confidence.

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Commencement, Conservatory of Music, . Monday, June 17.	1896.
Address before the Literary Societies, . Monday, June 17.	Day of Prayer for Colleges, Thursday, Jan. 30.
General Alumni Meeting, Tuesday, June 18.	Commencement, Theological Sem., Thursday, May 7.
Address before the Alumni, Tuesday, June 18. COMMENCEMENT	Commencement, Conservatory of Music, Monday, June 22.
WEDNESDÂY, June 19.	Commencement, Wednesday, June 24.



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ELIAB W. METCALF, ELYRIA, O. CHESTER H. POND, MOOREHEAD, MASS. REV. JAMES BRAND, D. D., OBERLIN, O. †GEN. JACOB D. COX, LL.D., CINCINNATI, O.	WILLIAM SUMNER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. †REV. MICHAEL E. STRIEBY, D. D., NEWARK, N. J. HON. WILLIAM H. UPSON, AKRON, O. #†REV. DAN F. BRADLEY, D. D. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
TERM EXPIRES 1897. †REV. JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, D. D., OBERLIN, O. †GEN. GILES W. SHURTLEFF, OBERLIN, O. †AMZI L. BARBER, New York City. †TREV. JUDSON SMITH, D. D., BOSTON, MASS.	DAN P. EELLS,
†JOHN G. W. COWLES,	TERM EXPIRES 1901. EDWARD J. GOODRICH, OBERLIN, O. LOUIS H. SEVERANCE, CLEVELAND, O. F. NORTON FINNEY, MILWAUKEE, WIS. *†LUCIEN C. WARNER, M. D., NEW YORK CITY.

FACULTY.

REV. WILLIAM GAY BALLANTINE, D. D., LL. D., President.

REV. JAMES HARRIS FAIRCHILD, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Theology. Finney Professorship.

JAMES MONROE, LL. D., Professor of Political Science and Modern History.

REV. CHARLES HENRY CHURCHILL, A. M., Professor of Physics and Astronomy. James F. Clark Professorship.

MRS. ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON, A. M., Dean of the Woman's Department, Professor of Mediæval History.

FENELON B. RICE, Mus. D., Director of the Conservatory, Professor of Music.

ALBERT ALLEN WRIGHT, A. M.,
Professor of Geology and Natural History, Curator of the Museum.

REV. GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, D. D., LL. D., Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revelation. Cleveland Professorship.

REV. ALBERT HENRY CURRIER, D. D.,
Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology. Holbrook Professorship.

*REV. LYMAN BRONSON HALL, A. M.,
Professor of the Latin Language and Literature. Graves Professorship.

FRANK FANNING JEWETT, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

REV. HENRY CHURCHILL KING, A. M., D. B., Professor of Philosophy.

AZARIAH SMITH ROOT, A. M., Librarian, Professor of Bibliography.

Absent for the year.

REV. EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH, A. M., D. B., Professor of the New Testament Language and Literature.

CHARLES BEEBE MARTIN, A. M.,
Professor of Greek Literature and Classical Archæology, Secretary.

WILLIAM ISAAC THOMAS, Ph. D., Professor of Sociology.

JOHN FISHER PECK, A. M., Principal of the Academy, Associate Professor of Greek.

FREDERICK ANDEREGG, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.

REV. JOHN TAYLOR SHAW, A. M., D. B.,
Associate Professor of Latin.

MISS LUCRETIA CELESTIA WATTLES, A. M., Professor of Piano-Forte and Harmony.

HOWARD HANDEL CARTER,
Professor of Piano-Forte.

*CHARLES WALTHALL MORRISON,
Professor of Piano-Forte.

ARTHUR SMITH KIMBALL, Professor of Singing.

GEORGE WHITFIELD ANDREWS,
Professor of Organ and Composition.

FRED EUGENE LEONARD, A. M., M. D., Director of the Men's Gymnasium, Professor of Physiology, Registrar.

EDWARD DRAKE ROE, Jr., A. M., Associate Professor of Mathematics,

REV. OWEN HAMILTON GATES, Ph. D., Professor of the Old Testament Language and Literature.

^{*} Absent for the year.

HERBERT WILLIAM MAGOUN, Ph. D., Acting Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

REV. FRANCIS DUNCAN KELSEY, Sc. D., Professor of Botany.

JOHN ROAF WIGHTMAN, PH. D.,

Professor of the Romance Languages and Literature. Fredrika Bremer Hull Professorship of Modern Languages.

CHARLES WILLIAM CABEEN, A. M.,

Associate Professor of the German Language and Literature. Frederika Bremer Hull Professorship of Modern Languages.

REV. ALBERT TEMPLE SWING, A.M., D.B., Professor of Church History.

REV. LOUIS FRANCIS MISKOVSKY, A. M., D. B., Principal of the Slavic Department, Professor of the Bohemian Language.

WILFRED WESLEY CRESSY, A. M., Associate Professor of English.

THOMAS NIXON CARVER, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Economics.

JOSEPH SEARLE GAYLORD, A. M., Associate Professor of Elocution and Oratory.

MRS. HELEN MARIA RICE, Instructor in Singing.

FREDERICK GIRAUD DOOLITTLE,
Instructor in Violin.

EDGAR GEORGE SWEET, Instructor in Piano-Forte and Singing.

MISS CAMILLA MERCY NETTLETON, Instructor in Singing.

MRS. ELIZABETH W. RUSSELL LORD, Assistant Principal of the Woman's Department,

CHARLES PARSONS DOOLITTLE,

Instructor in Violincello and Lecturer on Musical Forms and History.

*MRS KATE H. WINSHIP MORRISON,

Instructor in Singing.

MISS DELPHINE HANNA, M. D.,

Director of the Woman's Gymnasium, Instructor in Physiology.

Dickinson Endowment.

*Miss FRANCES JULIETTE HOSFORD, A. B.,

Instructor in Latin.

JOHN ARTHUR DEMUTH.

Instructor in Violin and Wind Instruments.

WILLIAM KILGORE BRECKENRIDGE,

Instructor in Piano-Forte.

KIRKE LIONEL COWDERY, A. B.,

Instructor in French.

MRS. LEPHA KELSEY HALL,

Instructor in Singing.

EDWARD DICKINSON, A.M.,

Instructor in Musical History and Piano-Forte.

JAY ROLLIN HALL,

Instructor in Piano-Forte.

JAMES LEMUEL DREW MOSHER,

Instructor in Singing.

REV. JOHN FARIS BERRY, A. B., D. B.,

Instructor in Church History.

MISS ARLETTA MARIA ABBOTT, A. M.,

Instructor in Germanic Languages.

MISS EVA MAY OAKES,

Instructor in Drawing and Painting.

CHARLES KING BARRY,

Instructor in Piano-Forte.

MISS CLARISSA LUCRETIA PENDLETON, A. B., Tutor in Mathematics.

MISS CLARA LOUISE SMITH, Tutor in Latin.

JAMES WATT RAIN, A.B., Tutor in English.

MISS IDA CATHERINE ALLEN, Tutor in Latin and Greek.

THEODORE M. FOCKE, S. B., Tutor in Physics.

MISS MARY BREWSTER SAFFORD, PH. B., Tutor in History and Civil Government.

WILLIAM JAMES HUTCHINS, A. B., Tutor in Greek.

CHARLES WINFRED SAVAGE, A. B., Tutor in Latin.

> HENRY TITUS WEST, A. B., Tutor in German.

MISS LOUISE FRAZYER, PH. B., Tutor in Declamation.

GEORGE MORRIS JONES, A. B., Tutor in Algebra.

MARSHALL WARE DOWNING, A. B., Tutor in Latin and Greek.

MRS. AMELIA HEGMANN DOOLITTLE, Teacher of Piano-Forte,

MRS. MAUD TUCKER DOOLITTLE,
Teacher of Piano-Forte,

MISS ALBERTA JOSEPHINE CORY, Teacher in the Woman's Gymnasium.

ARTHUR EDWARD HEACOX. Teacher of Harmony and Choral Singing.

ALFRED EDMUND RICKSECKER, A.B.,

Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory.

LYNDS JONES, A. B., Assistant in Geology and Zoology.

MISS FLORA ISABEL WOLCOTT,
Assistant Registrar.

MISS ELLEN FRANCES BROWN, Librarian of the Conservatory.

ELISHA GRAY, LL. D., Professor of Dynamic Electricity.

Z. SWIFT HOLBROOK, A. M., Special Lecturer on Christian Sociology.



THOMAS NIXON CARVER, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Economics.



JOSEPH SEARLE GAYLORD, A. M., Associate Professor of Elocution and Oratory

Thursday Lectures.

September 27, October 4, October 11, October 18, November 1, November 8, November 22, December 6,	"The Cook Arctic Expedition," Musical Program, "The Grinnell Tornado," "A Trip to Virginia in 1859," "Prison Reform," "Hampering Bonds to Our Development," "Elements and Criteria of Character," "A Century of Wonders," "The Messiah," "Personal Experiences in Company C,"	Prof. A. S. Kimball. Prof. H. W. Magoun. Prof. James Monroe. Prof. A. H. Currier. Dr. L. B. Sperry, Prof. J. S. Gaylord. Dr. D. L. Leonard. Prof. G. F. Wright.
January 24, February 7, February 14,	"The Mission of Art," "A Lawyer's Ground for Belief in Christianity," "Educational Value of Travel," "The Korean War," "The Norwegian System," "Foreign Missions," "Suggestions from Psychology," "The Rise and Decline of Mohammedanism," "Historical Sketch of Reformation," "A Trip through Southern France and Spain," "Popular Misconceptions with Regard to the Jews,"	Howard H. Russell Dr. Wm. Kincaid. Colonel Davis. Prof. John G. Brooks. Dr. Judson Smith. Prof. H. C. King. Rev. Dr. Green. Rev. C. A. Vincent. Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston



ROFESSOR FRANK FANNING JEWETT prepared for college at the Free Academy in Norwich, Conn., and graduated from Yale College in 1870. The following two years were spent in teaching in the academy at Norwich, after which he studied chemistry, mineralogy and physics in the scientific department of Yale, and in the university at Göttingen, Germany. On returning to this country in 1875, he was employed as private assistant to Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard University, and while filling this position was called to the professorship of chemistry in the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. The engagement was for three years. It was, however, renewed for a period of eight months. On returning to the United States in the summer of 1880, Prof. Jewett was appointed to the professorship of chemistry and mineralogy he now holds in Oberlin College. In 1883 he published "Tables for Qualitative Chemical Analysis," and in 1889 "Laboratory Exercises in General Chemistry."

He was appointed Acting Dean of the Men's Department of the College in January, 1895.



MRS, ADELIA A, FIELD JOHNSTON.



MRS, ELIZABETH W. RUSSELL LORD.

RS. ADELIA ANTOINETTE FIELD JOHNSTON is a native of Lafayette, Medina Co., O. Her early education was under the immediate direction of her father, who spared no pains in teaching her how to study. When eleven years old she was sent for one year to Geauga Seminary, then a flourishing school in Eastern Ohio. The rest of her preparatory course was taken in Oberlin Academy. She entered college in 1854, and graduated in 1856. Mrs. Johnston has had three years of post graduate study, two of which were spent in Germany. She was called to Oberlin as Principal of the Woman's Department in 1870. Four years ago she was given the chair of Mediaval History, and last year

the Trustees changed her title to Dean of the Woman's Department and Professor of Mediaeval History.

Married to Asa D. Lord, M. D., and associated with him as teacher in the High School of Columbus, O., and later in the Ohio Institution for the Blind. When in 1868 the Institution for the Blind was established at Batavia, New York, Dr. and Mrs. Lord were called to take charge of the new enterprise. After the death of Dr. Lord, Mrs. Lord was Superintendent of the Institution for two years. Since 1884 she has given her life and energies to the Woman's Department of Oberlin College, holding the office of Assistant Dean.



THE new Rockefeller Skating Floor is a success. It is just west of the Woman's Gymnasium and is connected with it by a short hallway. The floor has an area of six thousand square feet. It rests upon ninety solid stone piers, and is protected from the sun by a good roof. Below the roof, on all sides, there is an open space of three feet. This gives an abundance of light and air. The cost of the building was fourteen hundred and fifty dollars. Such a floor, shaded from the sun, lengthens the skating season by some thirty days; but it is found that its usefulness is not confined to the winter months. Since the melting of the ice the building has served as a much needed extension to the Gymnasium. It gives itself kindly to a great variety of uses. It is easily converted into a fine running track, and no better place could be found for first lessons in wheel riding. Just now the floor is covered with cabalistic signs, but the initiated know that these are the prescribed markings of various games. Battle-ball seems to be the favorite of the hour. During the warm months there is no doubt that this will prove the favorite place for social gatherings. Picnics, class parties, alumni dinners, will naturally seek the cool airiness of the Skating Floor. Mr. Rockefeller remembered that Oberlin was blessed with neither lake nor river, and he kindly thought to furnish a pleasant place for winter recreation, never thinking that his well-timed gift would be made to serve a double purpose.



N the evening of October 23, a select company witnessed the unveiling of a bust of E. I. Baldwin. At the cottage which was the gift of this noble man and bears his name, gathered the friends from a distance together with members from the Faculty and the student body, to do honor to his memory. In the hush which followed Mr. Adams' song, Mrs. Johnston quietly uncovered the bust, revealing in beautiful Carrara marble the features of our noble benefactor. She then referred to some of the traits in his char acter, making us feel, as never before, the real power and true worth of this strong life. After the reading of a poem, composed by Mrs. Currier for the

occasion, Pres. Ballantine spoke, reminding us in simple yet thoughtful words of the inspiration which should come to every student who studies in an institution founded by deep sacrifice and sustained by noble consecration. Miss Margaret Jones then sang one of Rubenstein's songs, thus closing a very impressive occasion.

THIS bust, which now stands in the Library, is an acquisition of the College during the past year. The original was exhumed in Herculaneum in 1759,

and is one of the finest bronzes of the magnificent collection in the gallery at Naples. There is ample room both in the Library and in Peters Hall for a choice art collection which would exert an unconscious educational influence. It is to be hoped that the generous example of the donor may be further fol lowed, and that thus a nucleus may be formed for the collection which Oberlin some day hopes to have in her future Art Hall.





The Institute of Christian Sociology.

The Institute of Christian Sociology held in Oberlin, Nov. 14 and 15, 1894, was characterized by a deep interest in the social situation and an earnest appreciation of its problems. Whatever the ultimate solution of these problems may be, it is certain that the Institute, bringing together leading Christian thinkers on sociological subject, has done much for the advancement of the study of social questions in the light of the principles of Christ. The subjects of addresses presented and brief histories of the speakers are given below.

"THE SOCIAL PROBLEM: Its Solution by Evolution."

Rev. John Henry Wilburn Stuckenberg, D. D., born in Germany in 1835; graduated at Wittenberg College, O.; in 1857, studied at various German universities; has had pastorates over Lutheran churches in Iowa and Pennsylvania;

was for seven years professor in his Alma Mater. From 1881 until a year or two ago, he was pastor of the American Chapel in Berlin. He is the author of various books, among which are "Christian Sociology," "The Life of Immanuel Kant," and "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy."

"THE RELATION WHICH OBERLIN SUSTAINS HISTORICALLY TO THE DISCUSSION OF SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS."

Rev. Henry M. Tenney, D. D., is a graduate of Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, and has had pastorates in Minnesota, and in Steubenville and Cleveland, Ohio, before coming to the Second Church, where he is now making his influence widely felt throughout the country. He is a Trustee of Oberlin College, and one of the Lecturers in the Theological Seminary.



REV. HENRY M. TENNEY, D. D.

PROF. W. I. THOMAS, Ph. D.

"THE LAW OF SERVICE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD."

Rev. Josiah Strong was born in Illinois, Jan. 19, 1847; graduated at Western Reserve College in 1869, and studied theology in Lane Theological Seminary. He has been pastor of churches in Hudson, Sandusky, and Cincinnati, Ohio, and secretary of the Ohio Home Missionary Society. He is now general Agent of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. Of his remarkable book "Our Country: Its Present Crisis and its Possible Future," published in 1885, there have been sold more than 160,000 copies. "The New Era, or the Coming Kingdom," has also had a large sale.



REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D. D.

"THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF SOCIOLOGY."

Professor William Isaac Thomas was born and educated in East Tennessee, where he taught in the University for some years. After spending two or three years in the study of English literature in Europe he came to Oberlin, where he has made a high record in his department. For two years past he has been studying. So jobgy in the University of Chicago, where he has now accepted a position as teacher.

"THE RELATIONS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR."

Lucien C. Warner, M. D., was born in Cuyler, N. Y., in 1848, and graduated from Oh. rlin College in 1865, and after studying medicine was a practising physical until 1875, publishing meanwhile two popular medical works. Dr. Warner



DR. LUCIEN C. WARNER.



Z. SWIFT HOLBROOK, A. M.

is now at the head of one of the most prosperous business concerns of the country. His interest in religious, educational, and philanthropic subjects has made his advice and help widely sought throughout the country. Warner Hall is a partial monument of his interest in Oberlin, and the ideas which it represents.

"CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY."

Z. Swift Holbrook was born in Berea, Ohio, in 1848. His boyhood was spent in business, where he saved his spare earnings to secure an education. With almost the first money he earned he purchased Wayland's "Moral Science." He studied at Beloit College two years, and five years in Yale College and Theological Seminary, and edited with great success the Yale Courant. From 1876 to 1878 he was a pastor in Chicago and, in connection with Professor David Swing, edited The Alliance. From 1878 to 1880 he was a pastor in Massachu-

setts, but important business openings coming to him, he has since pursued with great success various lines of business in Chicago. He has for many

years been a special student of sociological subjects, and in his occasional lectures in various cities, and by his course of lectures in Oberlin and his connection with the *Bibliotheea Sacra*, has become widely known as an authority upon this subject. Mr. Holbrook contemplates the continuance of his literary work in connection with the great business interests still demanding his attention.

"RELATIONS OF WEALTH AND RELIGION."

Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., LL. D., was born in Pennsylvania in 1836, and graduated at Williams College in 1850; has been pastor of Congregational churches in Brooklyn and Morrisania, N. Y., North Adams and Springfield, Mass., and since 1883 in Columbus, Ohio. He was for four years on the editorial staff of the New York Independent, and for two years edited a magazine upon practical Christianity and sociological subjects.



WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

The Summer School of Sociology.

URING the present period of social unrest, with its perplexities and dangers, the most encouraging symptom is the earnestness with which intelligent people are seeking knowledge on social questions. We may rest assured that an honest and intelligent people can accomplish, in the way of social improvement, whatever they really and seriously undertake. Adequate knowledge of the nature of the society to be improved, and of the evils to be removed, is the first condition of success in this direction. It is also absolutely necessary that this knowledge should be widespread, since the improvement of society lies in the hands of the people and not in the hands of a few trained specialists, as is the case with scientific and mechanical improvements. It is in recognition of this primary need that such an impetus has been given to social and economic studies during the last half dozen years. Not the least of the perplexities which beset the student of social problems is the multitude of self-styled teachers claiming his attention and expounding contradictory doctrines. Whatever will enable him properly to decide between teachers will put him in a fair way to a proper solution of the problems. For this reason, any plan which will bring together in the same school representatives of different ideas and men of different points of view must be of great service to the student.

Consistently with her historical policy of meeting the demand for the education which fits men and women for active citizenship in a Christian republic, Oberlin proposes to do her part in advancing the cause of social improvement. To this end a summer school of Sociology will be held in Oberlin College from June 20 to 29, 1895. It is proposed to concentrate the attention of the school upon the art of Social Control as it relates to poverty and its attendant evils, and the possibility of their elimination. It is also proposed to bring into the school as special lecturers, men of different callings and professions—ministers, capitalists, labor leaders, professors of economy and sociology. It is doubtful if an equally good opportunity for the study of social problems is afforded anywhere in the country.

"The Underground Railroad."

Extract from the Lecture delivered by President Fairchild, March 5, 1895.



JITHOUT being a criminal the fugitive was an outlaw, surrounded by enemies, and could claim all the natural rights of self-protection. It was the prevalent idea that he had the same right to defend his liberty when pursued that any man would have. How this right on the part of the fugitive could be reconciled with the right of the owner to pursue and reclaim his property, was often not at all considered, but both rights seemed to have a substantial origin. In making the slave a man God gave him the right to his liberty, while the Constitution gave the slaveholder the right to recover his property. The affirmation of the right of the slave to escape, was called "Higher Law" doctrine, and the affirmation of the right of the master to reclaim him was "Lower Law" doctrine; but a large portion of the people of the country would probably maintain both of these ideas, without any distinct sense of their contradictory nature. Those who looked to the Scriptures for a settlement of these fundamental principles of righteousness, would find on the one hand the Mosaic fugitive slave law: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." The Northern magistrate, with a fugitive before

him, often found this high authority sufficient against the obscurer clause of the Constitution: "No person held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due." The Mosaic law sounds so much like the ten commandments that the counsel for the fugitive, in a country court, often took his stand upon it, and won the case. The epistle to Philemon would be urged upon the other side, but its tone was so gentle and Christian that it failed to meet the case. It brought little aid or comfort, even to the average slave-catcher. It was found useful in the Southern pulpit when Slavery was to be defended as a patriarchal institution, but was utterly out of place when a magistrate was called upon to return a scarred fugitive to his oppressor, "no longer a servant but a brother beloved both in the flesh and in the Lord." The situation was perplexing from every point of view. The practical study of it, as compelled by the frequent recurrence of escapes and arrests, brought no relief, only increasing disquiet and dissatisfaction—a demonstration of the "irrepressible conflict."

"H Year With the Rebels."

Extract from the Address by Gen. G. W. Shurtleff, Washington's Birthday, 1895.



ARLY in August the order came to send all Union prisoners in Salisbury to Richmond for exchange. One boy barely seventeen years of age had typhoid fever and was not able to make the trip, but he insisted that he must go. His entreaties were so earnest and so touching that Captain Thomas Cox of Cincinnati and myself made the effort to take him. We carried him on a rude stretcher to the depot. Every foot of room on the platform cars was occupied, and the officer in charge refused to take him aboard unless he could stand. A crowd had gathered about us and our poor, sick boy fainted. The disappointment of finding that he could not go had completely overcome him. A lady came forward, and with the quiet dignity of one who has authority, made her way through the throng and asked the crowd to stand back and give him air, sent a boy for cold water, tenderly lifted his head and bathed his brow and nursed him back to consciousness. The train was about to start. I asked Captain Cox what we should do. He must not be left alone, and the Captain answered, "we must stay;" and so the train pulled out, the train that was headed for the North, toward the Stars and Stripes, toward home and friends and the stirring activity that was so attractive to us; and we were left alone with this poor, dying comrade in the very centre of rebellion and treason. On this good woman's invitation we took the lad to her home. We bathed his fevered body.

in in a comfortable bed. Tenderly she cared for this stranger boy, and when he died the next day she wept over him as if he had been her own child. Captain Cox and I were not allowed to remain in her home during the night but returned to our prison. Next day we obtained permission to go to the house and found that he was used. Mrs. Johnson asked from the city authorities permission to bury him upon her own lot in the city must ry, but this was indignantly refused with a warning against the interest she was manifesting in a Yankee. When she returned she said to us, "He shall not be buried in the brutal way of other prisoners." We placed that in a phain pine box, Captain Cox and I dug the grave and reverently laid him beneath the sod in the garden of this Christian woman. Later in the war our soldiers erected a monument over that grave and inscribed upon the mane of the soldier boy, but the heroic deed of the benefactress who soothed and comforted his

last hours and gave him a Christian burial.





Colors: . PUTÉ AND CREAM.

Yell:

RAH! RAH! RAH! $\Omega \varphi \varepsilon \lambda \varepsilon - O'$! $\Omega \varphi \varepsilon \lambda \varepsilon - C'$! $\Omega \varphi \varepsilon \lambda \eta \tau \varepsilon \delta v$, $\lambda - C - I'$!

HISTORY.

In spite of certain little reverses along the line of athletic sports, the class of Ninety five is a vociferous success. It is just about the right size—neat but not gaudy, as the Devil said when he painted the tip of his tail pea green. Of course we have a spot in what we call our minds for the departed. Some are in the Seminary, some are married—some, alas, are both—some had trouble with their eyes, some were not allowed to come back, others were fired.

"And when we ask with throbs of pain—
'Ah! when shall we all meet again?"

we squint up our eyes, and think never in this world, and with most of our departed brethren, we hope never in the next. But about these little reverses in athletics, it must be understood that the reason Ninety five hasn't achieved more of what is commonly known as victory, is that we do not believe in the principle of "cut throat competition." We wish others would let us win-so we let them win. Isn't that the Golden Rule? and as Robert Nourse said, the rest of the college will "suffer in kind" for the defeats which they have inflicted on us. There is one said thing in this connection, and that is the frame of mind of Mr. Partridge, the captain of our athletic forces. It seems that Mr. Partridge has so far forgotten the principles of the class that he has desired, and, with sorrow be it spoken actually attempted to win a game of ball. He has been labored with by many of his triends but to no avail. Fortunately, however, he has been mysteriously hindered from seriously compromising the position of the class on this point.

This illustrious class has witnessed many solemn occasions. It was there when Junior Ex. went up in smoke. That reminds us of an ancient legend. It was in the olden time, and the Royal Dog of the Golden Collar, once Pup of the King's Bed Chamber, was sore afflicted of an unknown malady, the secret of which was this: Certain of the mongrel curs and other young pups of that city had caused empty tin cans to be tied to the tail of the Royal Dog, and these, when he did pass to and fro in the court of the King's palace, did give forth a clanking sound. Now this was an annoyance both unto the Royal Dog and unto his Majesty the King; for when the dog of the Golden Collar did clank the can at night, the Pup of the King's Bed Chamber, whose mame was Peraichdee, did send up most dismal yip yaps, that his Majesty the King might not sleep. And when the wise men and physicians of the realm had been consulted, they lifted up their voices and spoke thus unto his Majesty the King: "Thou knowest, O King, that the malady of thy dog is very grievous, and we know not what the trouble is, but we would humbly recommend that thy executioner be commanded to cut of the Royal Dog's affected member, in short his tail, at a point just behind the cars." And the King com

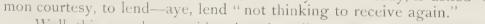


manded and it was done, but when he saw that he had killed the Royal Dog, he repented him and was wroth with those wise men, and he sorrowed seven days. And all the King's house and the court did mourn and could not be comforted, and Peeaichdee, the Pup of the King's Bed-Chamber, did also repent him of the yip-yaps which he had yip-yapped withal, and by means of which he had waked the King. And none in all that land did rejoice save only the mongrel curs alone!

So runs the legend. It is not fitting to indulge in comments here, but the president of the class has appointed a committee to explain the symbolic meaning to any who do not understand the connection. Drop your name and address with fifty cents into the Clark Fund box, and the committee will call at your residence.

There were some jokes to tell, but Mr. Partridge says that they must be left to him for his class-day speech; so what can be done here but consider them as theoretically non-existant, and make this a dignified two pages in the midst of a green wilderness of jokes. It is more appropriate for the Senior Class

anyway. Oh, but there is one thing! about the Senior canes. But no, "Patridge" has got it. Only we want it understood that the principle of benevolence is so firmly grounded in the class of Ninety-five that we apply it even in matters so near the heart as a class distinction. If contemporary classmen on special occasions feel the need of a distinction and have not wit enough to devise one of their own, we always stand ready, if asked with com-





AFTER TAKING.

Well, this may be considered rather disappointing as a history. We have done a little of everything that's worth doing, and some things besides. But, in fact, we have thought best not to publish our doings abroad, for succeeding classes, when they play the same tricks wherewith we have amused ourselves, will enjoy them so much more if they can feel that they are entirely original with themselves, you know. Thus we endbenevolent to the last.





WILL B. CHAMBERLIN, President.

WILL C. CLANCY, Foot Ball Captain.

CORA D. WOODFORD, Vice President.
MELLA N. SILLIMAN, Ass't Treasurer.
A. T. R. CUNNINGHAM, Base Ball Captain.

WILL T. UPTON, Treasurer.

ROY D. BAILEY, Relay Captain.

An Epic of the Class of '96.

Come hither gentle muse of song,
Indue me with thy power divine,
That I may sing in accents strong
Of '96. Oh, may this rhyme
Cause her bold deeds to echo long
Within the ringing halls of time!

When we emerged from that dark realm of chaos and of night That then was known as Prepdom, our guiding star shone bright;

And brightly has it twinkled ever since, except alone,

When Mrs. Johnston's frown eclipsed it from Thanksgiving night

Until the onward march of time brought forward General Ex.

And ended our suspense.

Thanksgiving day! Ah glorious time! The climax of the year!

When all the wit and beauty of the school at Baldwin met; Looked on the while the Dean played "Devil among the Theologues."

Ah me! we little thought that on the morrow she would play

The same game with the girls' reports.

'Tis well the future's hidden from our gaze; for were it not, We scarce had so enjoyed Professor King's "Psychology," Nor Orth's attempt to serve us hot cakes from the gridiron. Hard task indeed it was; his cakes had been twice turned before.

Nor would our hearts have so been stirred within us as we

The deeds of Mr. Childs: how with a rolling pin, almost, not quite,

He cracked our President's beloved head.

I here refer not to the theologue, but unto Jessie Childs.
The modern Orpheus of the class, who at a later time
Put his foot in it at society; his little foot,
His trifling foot, his dainty, airy, fairy, tan-clad foot.
Society has ever been a strong point with the class.
Just note how Biddie Chamberlin and Tabbie Haskell, too,
Were there enthroned among the fair—a pleasing honor,
sure.

Until the time arrived to pay the fee.

We've always been a leading factor in society.

But never to my knowledge has a son of '96

While seated in the presidential chair held that a point

Of order was "unanious for the affirmative,"

Nor has a member of the class entered the clothing trade,

Nor did the Senior girls—let base suspicion hide its head—

They only got inside the closet door.

Ah, well! I fear some feeling of resentment drove them on,

Ah, well! I fear some feeling of resentment drove them on, Resentment that their mortar-boards became the Junior girls

Much better than their owners' sacred heads.
But to enumerate our further causes of thanksgiving:
We're thankful first of all for our accustomed mercies here:
For victories in foot-ball, base-ball, and on Field-day, too.
We're sorry tho, so sorry, for those oyster-eating Sophs
Who, on account, we doubt not, of the present stringency,
Last fall ate dirt instead of oyster stew, a saving change!
Especially well fitted to relieve a swelling head.

We are sincerely thankful, too, that we have never come To auctioning the ladies at forced sale to pay our bills. And yet our hearts are sorrowful for members past and gone; For some have lately joined that little band of Seuiors, who, Perched high upon the dizzy pinnacle of college life, Enjoy their canes, and from their lofty vantage ground survey

The expectant girls, while gentle winds in their mustaches play.

(I but allude to Deming, Callender and Mooney here, For Raymond's is not yet of size to tempt the playful breeze.) We have been compensated, tho, for all our losses sore, By fresh recruits who've joined the class and filled our ranks

once more.

Now some of these are talented and sure to win renown— Indeed some show as soon as this great skill in composition; For instance, note Pope's new hymn, "Knight," it's having quite a run.

And then we must not overlook the standbys of our class. There's Harry Haskell, now, who did submit his skull To the phrenologist, who, feeling Haskell's nobby head, At once declared that by the mighty fates, Haskell was destined

To become a great admirer of the other sex.

Oh, happy youth! Oh, blessed man! We do not all so soon

Fulfil our destiny.

And last, not least, we're thankful to the Faculty Because they have received all our requests so favorably, Because they've freely granted all that we have asked of them,

Because they've shown to us throughout a kind and fair regard.

Now, gentle reader, should you ever wish aught more to

Of '96, her ways, her customs, and her history,
Read any history that bears the date two thousand twenty—
There you may con at leisure, if you wish, the annals of
This epoch-making, record-breaking class.



A ghostly train, a simple grave—A solemn word, in dead of night.



OBERLIN, Ohio, Apr. 30, 1895.

DEAR MAMMA:

Please excuse this poor writing, for I have to stay in bed till my landlady gets the paint cleaned off my clothes.

You see last Wednesday night the Juniors buried Junior Ex. on the campus. They were all dressed in sheets and Mac and I were sort of scared when we went by, it looked so still and ghostly.

They put a headstone over the grave, but Prof. Wright—the Cat man, not the Glacier one—pulled it up.

Well, we Freshmen thought it would be a joke to put up something that would stay, and make the Faculty think

the Juniors did it, and get them hauled up. So we got up at 2 x, w. this morning, and you ought to see the iron pipe—13 feet long and weighs about 1000 lbs.—we faked from the waterworks and stuck seven feet deep in the campus, with an inscription on it. We fixed up the grave nicely with a little white fence around, and I got all over paint from it—and a foot stone with a donkey's head painted on one side. That last was a mistake, tho, for Prof. Magoun got on to us, because he said he recognized our picture. The rest of the Faculty think the Juniors and Seniors did it, and you mustn't let it get out that it was we.

Ed. Fitch got Prof. Wright to promise not to pull the thing up and take it into the Lab, so I guess it will stay. The fellows think that Prof. Anderegg suspects something, for he said the Analyt class was more stupid than usual, and couldn't fix up their expressions and manipulate the functions at all.

I hope the Faculty won't get on to us, for they'd fire us all sure.

Your loving

CHARLEY.



HISTORY.—Part 1.



The school year '95 opened very brightly for most of '97. The girls came back a little older, a little grayer, and a little more careworn than when we saw them last. Most of them seemed to have had some exciting times in the mad race of love, as I learned from a conversation which I overheard. Several of the young ladies of the class were talk ing when I chanced to hear one of them say, "Well, I got a-Head in the race." "I got Nye as well," another answered. But we must refrain from any more such vulgar punning and turn our thoughts to the sober realities of life.

In the fall term all the girls took chemistry and yet the list of fatalities in the class was less than it has been since the days of old when the number of girls in class were few. A careful estimate of the general average of tatalities is twenty five per year. (This includes examinations.) Now the way these catastrophes come about is this. When testing for arsenic with the hydrogen flame, the girls will cluster around the hydrogen bottle. Ten to one the hydrogen is not pure, and an explosion follows which shakes the ground for

miles and breaks the plate glass in Warner Hall, Peters Hall, and the men's gymnasium. Such an occurrence is rather hard on the girls, but it is quite amusing for us boys.

At one time in the fall term the girls rose in rebellion because of the "sale of choices" for the Thanksgiving Party. By way of explanation I will say that we boys in general had nothing to do with that infamous scheme. It was entirely planned and execute t by three of the engaged gentlemen of our class; and but one sale was effected.

During vacations we all went home to our mammas and, with one exception, came back without passing through any thrilling experiences. But one of our maidens with fair

complexion was robbed in that wicked city of Cleveland. And this is how it all came about. During the hour between trains she walked the streets with Mr. - ---, who carried her bundles and her heart, but her pocketbook, -"No living man should ever carry that," quoth she. Of course she did not really mean what she said, and before long he had it tucked in his pocket. At the station they parted and everything went on smoothly until as she gazed out of the car window the conductor came up. Suddenly she realized the fact that her pocketbook with her money and ticket had not been returned. She looked wildly around, drew herself up in the seat, and said "I have no money, no ticket, but I'm going to Oberlin. "I'll probably get a telegram at some station." After that whenever the conductor came by he found her asleep. Ar Oberlin she awoke, go off the cars, and ordered the hackman to take her to 137 East College street, and doubtless would have gone there if a friend had not said, "I thought that you lived on Elm street." At the

end of her journey the hack driver asked her to run into the house and find out what her name was and where she lived.

Besides these great events there were many trifling incidents of general interest. One young lady wrote in daily themes about "waisted moments." Another young lady six or seven times had such a bad cold that she could not recite in Prof. Monroe's class. Twice one of our Junior brothers, Mr. Burke, answered for her and explained the reason of her not reciting.

Part II.

The typical Soph, of masculine gender is last, but not least in our history. We find in his deeds that

which will influence the world for better,—or for worse.

The size of the Sophomore brain lobe admitted of nothing more limited than chemistry. Armed with a textbook and missionary apron, our gentlemen entered upon their systematic and energetic bursting of flasks and shooting of hydrogen corks. Woodworth made a fatal mistake in thinking that all who got 4.7 would not be examined, and he recited every day.

Most interesting points gather around our Thanksgiving season. Our men have solved the "list" problem by a plan at once delicate and effectual. The execution of the plan has proven its leaders to be good

auctioneers as well as men of tact and ability. For information apply to Dorsett or Thatcher.

Two chums and one girl! "I'll take heads" said Winchester. "Tails" said Johnston. The penny was flipped. "I've got 'er," cried one. The other — the curtain falls.

Mr. Escott sallied out one week too early to conduct his lady to the party.

Thanksgiving aft.— Baer has confused visions of a banquet hall, a gay throng, and of one in particular; mingled with these, visions of prison bars, clanking chains, a maiden waiting in vain; while two objects remain the same, a Senior cane and the Marshal.

Dietrick thinks it lovely to carry a Senior cane on the Glee Club trip, but not so nice to hand over a bill

to "make it all right,"

Our explorer is inventing a telephone system to be connected with the ladies' rooms, whereby the gentle men may know the exact minute to call.

Tracy forgets to send up his card and wonders why his lady does not come.

Our social events have been few, but the following facts explain:

Our President will have nothing but a skating party to which the Senior girls be invited.

Squire would like one if held in Baldwin.

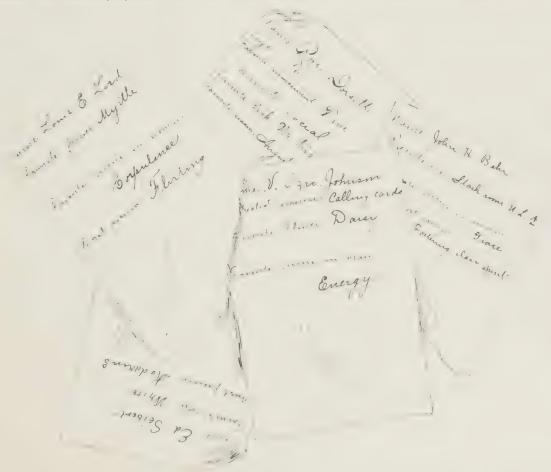
Dorsett will not go because there will be too many there.

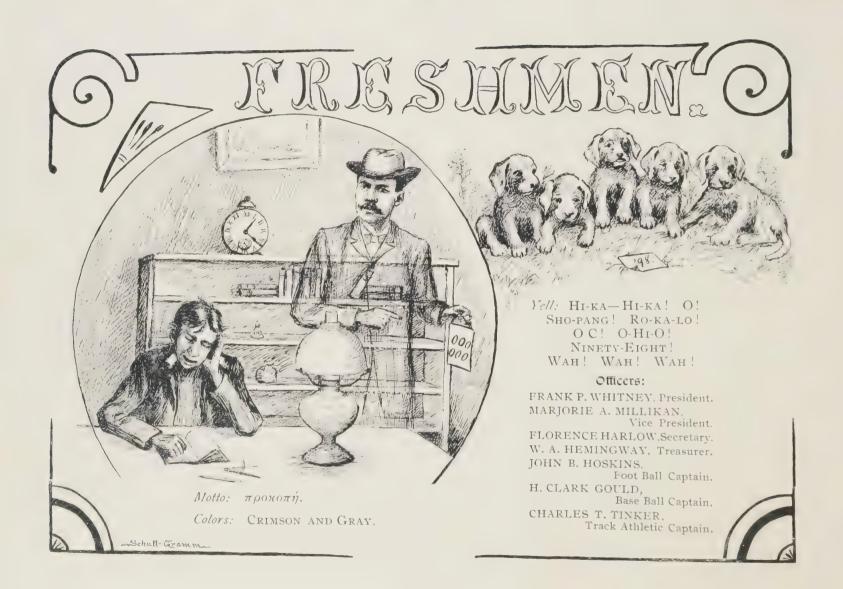
Thatcher does not care for festivities—because!

Whether the winter was too cold for them, or whether they were naturally delicate is not known, but for some reason the mortality of the mustaches has been fearful. G. G. Brown looks heart broken over the loss of his, and needs encouragement.

A spring evening. Fauver and Wright assisted in a screnade. Fauver gazes at the window and wonders if "she" is there. There is a basket of fruit, a noise within and a scamper beneath. The door opens and Wright stands alone. "What do you want?" said Mrs. ———. "Nothing," answered he. Mrs. ———: "Then, young man, take yourself off." He departed.

A character book has been popular with the Sophs, and the following leaves were found on the street.





HISTORY.

"How green you are, and fresh, in this old world."-King John.

IN a spasm of unwonted modesty, we beg your attention and kind forbearance only for a brief season. Surrounded on all sides by admiring and devoted friends, and regarded with awe and envy afar off by the "paene prep," we crossed the campus from French Hall to Peters, and made our appearance in its "classic court," the largest class that had ever entered college. A cordial welcome was extended to us by the professors and upper class men, but the lofty dignity of the Senior, and the entire self-sufficiency of the Junior, together with the supercilious haughtiness of the Sophomore, were, indeed, exasperating to the humble Freshman, who, however, bore all with equanimity, knowing that in the fulness of time would come his opportunity to pose on the several well-earned rounds of distinction.

And so, with kindly Fates, we began our college course. Those were moments of extreme felicity when we first gathered at Peters, in the court and baleony, so pleasant and comfortable for friendly chats between classes.

In the unusual size of the class, the instructors of Mathematics saw increased opportunities for filling the empty coffers of the college. They arose to the occasion with astonishing alacrity and did their full duty by the institution in its hour of financial embarrassment. Some of us, after several exercises in men tal gymnastics, in the form of Math. Review Examinations, decided, for various reasons, to postpone the study of Mathematics for a year. Some deemed it expedient, for monetary considerations, others, with the full consent of the Faculty, engaged in more congenial work. But of those who passed through in safety this first ordeal, a goodly number, in the spring vacation were made the recipients of sympathetic communications, after the manner of the following:

TREASURER'S OFFICE, OBERLIN, O., March 29, 1895.

MR. C--:

I am very sorry to be obliged to inform you, etc., etc. Very Respectfully Yours,

F. ANDEREGG.

Then surely these Freshmen meditated and pondered deeply in their hearts, "What profit hath man

of all his labours wherein he laboureth under the sun?" And an urgent call arose from the impecunious victims for a Thursday lecture by Prof. Anderegg, on "Trigonometry as a Financial Problem."

At the first meeting of our Bible Class, Prof. King, after one glance over the assemblage of intelligent faces before him, immediately decided to give us work heretofore assigned only to Juniors. And thus it came about that we burned the midnight oil, trying to settle the question, "Is life worth living?" A candid historian is compelled to add that a struggle of three or four hours with main repetitions without any apparent results, brought us to the conclusion that "Verily all is vanity and striving after wind."

After the exhileration of spending one hour a week with our friend, Mr James Rain, a number of us were filled with pained surprise to note that our names were not to be found in the lists with those who were entitled to take the examination in Rhetoric. But believing that we could not conscientiously encourage this spirit of unfair discrimination, we debated the question with him, and most of us were able to convince him of his error in judgment as to our qualifications for examination.

Of course, we had the regulation stag parties, skating parties, and class socials, as all Freshmen do have, and we remember with pride that Mrs. Johnston said that the court of Peters Hall had never looked as pretty as it did on Thanksgiving evening, when '98 "gathered there her beauty and her chivalry."

We blush with shame when we recall that evening when two Freshmen girls, wearing Junior caps, were assailed by six Junior girls, on the Campus, in full view of all the students going home from chapel, and not a single classmate came to their assistance. But perhaps it is contrary to the spirit of the presiding genius of the place, the Oberlin Idea, which is popularly imagined to sit

on the Campus, to foster rivalry and contention between classes. Certainly, it is not cultivated to any alarming extent in this institution of ours.

An unfortunate lapse of memory renders it unsafe for the historian to attempt any authentic or lucid statement as to the standing of our class team in foot-ball last season. Our kind friends of the Junior class will, no doubt, give all the information necessary for a clear understanding of the situation, last fall, on the gridiron.

A little while and we shall be Freshmen no more.







HISTORY.

SomeBody has said that, "The most unsatisfactory part of a historian's duty does not come when history repeats itself, but when it frivolously refuses so to do." Not unlike this is the condition in which he finds himself, who attempts to write a history for the great class that honors Oberlin Academy by its graduation in the year 1805. History, it seems, starts, stops, runs, goes slow; and just as one thinks it is going to emphasize the rule laid down by those who graduated before as, in repetition of itself, it flies off in another direction and upsets the whole plan of the weary chronicler. For instance, how satisfactory it would be to be able to point out the noteworthy events of the class that graduated from the Academy last year as applicable to our own class. But alas! there are none to point out, save the shadowy rumor that some of them took Trig.

The question which interests every student in the college is "Will the Academy class of '95, attain to the maximum of scholarship in the history of Oberlin? We can only say: Wait and see. Meanwhile we will enlighten your anxiety by the statement of a few facts which, we hope, will give you a chance to make your psychological deductions with a little more ease and accuracy.

In the first place the Academy class of '95 abounds in good looking girls, and pretty boys; silver-tongued orators paw the atmosphere in rhetoricals; and genial after-dinner speakers in their toasts at the Thanksgiving party elevate the minds of their brethren with the puns and jokes handed down from Academy classes of years gone by. Is musical talent lacking in this class about to be famous? Not at all. Tis said that there are those in it who can make as much noise on almost any instrument, including the voice, as many who have studied in the Conservatory for three years, and who know every nook and corner of that grand old building, from the "straight and narrow way through the elevator" to the long and winding by roads which lead to the concert rooms. Last, but by no means least, there are athletes in this gitted class—men who can win honor on the base ball field, buck the line, or support a pyramid.

A casual observer, to whom a member of the class recounted some of its possibilities, was heard to remark: "Yea, verily, there are many holes in the skimmer." To which we all agree.

HISTORY.



A meeting of the Cads? What have the Cads done this year? Well, that is a task. What haven't we done? If there is anything good, bad or indifferent, possible to human beings, that we haven't perpetrated this past year, we wish some sapient philosopher to tell us what it is, and we will "have a meeting of all Academy students Monday afternoon" to appoint a committee to accomplish the neglected thing. Howsomever, perhaps we can take time from our lessons long enough to enumerate a few things which we have done.

Primarily, we have had a good time. And why not? As the immortal Homer says, "What are we here for?" Secondarily, we have partaken of the seductive fruit of the pie-shop while the hands of the chapel clock were hovering dangerously near —— o'clock.

Thirdly, we have played foot-ball, and trounced Baldwin-Wallace tremendously in that noble game. (We will not mention the score or circumstances here.) They are immaterial.

Fourthly, we have all had our cranial appendages, commonly known as think-tanks, shampooed by the "phreakologist," and have, in most cases, been advised to be either preachers or missionaries.* Just wait till we get through college, and then see what an influx there will be into the Theological Cemetery.

^{*}For particulars enquire of Frank Marvin and Carl Ford.

Lastly and leastly, we have studied. This has been so clearly proven that nobody can doubt it. A few members of the Faculty, and some big headed. Freshmen have been inclined to question the fact, but recent investigations have proven the fact beyond a peradventure. (N. B. - the big word.) If any unbenevolent scoffer yet remains, let him visit any of the Bible classes Monday morning and be convinced.

Well, these are a few of the things that we have done. And now while I have the chance I wish to correct a few false impressions in regard to Cads in general.

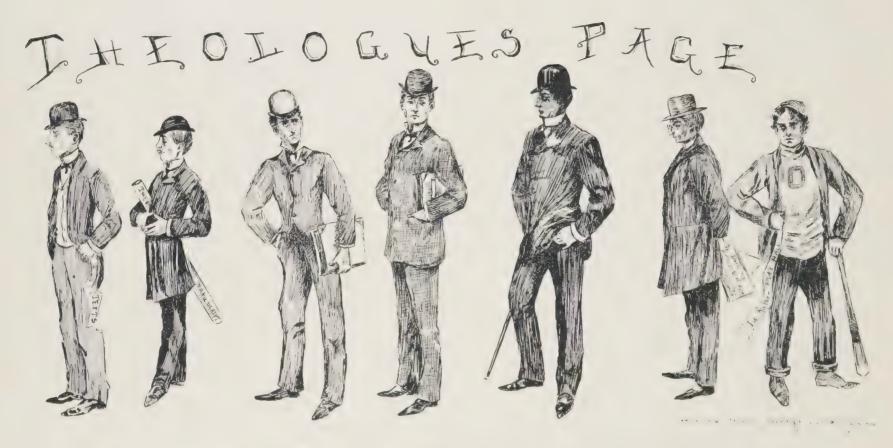
There is a very general view prevalent among the inmates of Peters Hall, that the embryo college man leads a sort of a dreamy, half-conscious existence, emerging into the full, rich light of sensibility only at moments of special sanity. Life is real and earnest to the Cad as well as to the college man, and he enjoys the society of his fourteen year-old best girl, when he treats her to popcorn and peanuts, as much as the mighty Senior enjoys the company of his *fiance*.

It is commonly supposed that the Cad is the only one who is afflicted with the peculiar efflorescence which appears in yellow shoes, pink shirts, duck trousers, lavender hats, and ties warranted to charm at one hundred and twenty yards. This is another prevarieation which needs nailing. The fact is that the members of the collegiate department are always the leaders in these enormities. A certain Cad, on hearing that it was the latest fashion to crease the coat-sleeves instead of the trousers, remarked that he wasn't going to do anything rash, he would wait to see what Jim Woodworth and Johnny Mack did about it.

Well, such are the Cads. We may not be smart and we may be homely, but in the words of Poor Richard, "We git there just the same."

Youth ful Aspirations

From an unpublished drawing by mr Lott



Special Notice of this Fage

The Theologues.

We live in Council Hall, that is, some of us do -the silent majority of us are married. The rest of us are not a notable aggregation of humorists, but the funny side of life will occur to any man, even a Theologue.

It has been a comparatively quiet year, and this result has been secured largely by the shrewd foresight of our worthy President. He snipped the danger lurking in the bosoms of some of the newer element, and sought to forestall any disgraceful outbreak by informing us at our very first meeting that our business in coming to Council Hall was to study *Theolog*), and that we were pre-eminently not expected to act as a board of advisers of the Lady Principal of Oberlin College. In spite even of this careful precaution one sturdy patriot made a trenchant attack upon rules in general and Oberlin rules in particular, in which he darkened the air with whole handfuls of hot Egyptian sand thrown full in the Sphinx's face. But when the storm was past there was a great calm over the Egyptian plains, and the Sphinx sat on unmoved, in her ancient, solitary reign.

But this was only a circumstance to the treat we had at another preaching exercise where a real, live, tame Anarchist gave us an exposition of the benevolent principles of anarchism. Such an esoteric revelation we may never be privileged to listen to again. Few and far between were the winks of sleep that the anxious theologues caught that night. Some days later a rash brother in a spirit of dare-deviltry ventured up to his den. There, surrounded on every side by frowning tomes of Latin. Greek Hebrew. Sanskrit and Kalmuck poets, amidst a chaos of nitro-glycerine recipes and tattered red flags, sat the denizen himself, poring over the ancient lore contained in a volume of the Arabian Nights in the original tongue. Alas! we had all learned to love him, when he went away to a military school to teach the young idea how to shoot a wooden practice rifle.

When he was gone there was something, only a trifle less interesting and a great deal longer drawn out, to take his place. Those bath rooms! How shall I hope to do the subject justice, when every wit in the building has wrung his brain dry, and every bulletin bourd has groaned under the chronicles of daily progress? Did the plumber determine to undertake the setting of a new screw, it was hailed with acclamations of joy. Was there a new chip observed on the floor, or in a new position, the fact was immediately heralded abroad. But all things mortal have an end. On the 28th day of February, A. D. 1895, just three months, three weeks and three days after their "almost completion," if the records be correct, the bath rooms were opened and Pears' soap reigned supreme.

The protracted plumbing operations left several unsightly pits on our otherwise beautiful lawn. This, of course, resurrected the old pun about Oberlin Cemetery. The wicked digged a pit, but none of the brethren fell in - only the pun.

It s buried now, - an aspiring Junior preached its funeral sermon. Requiescat in pace.

ECCLESIASTICUS.





CONSERVATORY HISTORY.



ONSERVATORIA est omnis divisa in partes tres—the faculty, the seniors, and the rest of us.

The faculty have guided us tenderly and wisely along the thorny path to fame (or oblivion).

The seniors have been known by

their caps and canes-at least we suppose there are two canes.

The rest of us range in age from five years to-no man knoweth. We differ much in many respects. Some of us are exceptionally talented; others

exceptionally not so. Some are painfully modest and shrinking; others richly endowed with self-Notable examples of the latter to be found among the young men.

On the whole, we know more than we did last year. There has been steady growth and progress in all departments and improvement in the quality of work done.

Different students have given recitals during the year, in Oberlin or elsewhere, and our soloists have taken part most acceptably in concerts in other cities. Several church positions are also held by Conservatory students. To us also belongs much credit for the success of the Glee Club.

The course in Musical History has proved a source of increased musical intelligence and culture. Harmonia, also, has broadened the life of the Conservatory. The untiring efforts of Prof. Rice, to give us the best advantages, have brought to Oberlin some of the finest artists to be heard in this country.

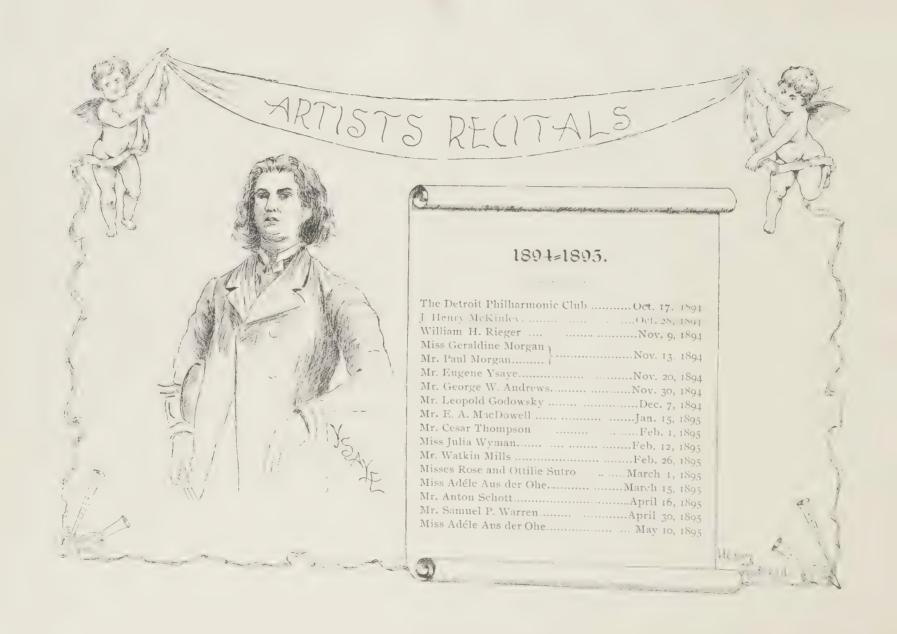
The Thanksgiving and Washington receptions and the trip to Cleveland are land marks in the year's history.

Among the improvements may be mentioned the regulating of clavier practice according to co-educational principles: the new shade in the concert hall; the gates; the new library regulations and the simplified method of joining and securing

All reverence to '95! She has been with us long, long years and is a superior class. But there cometh a greater. Tho as yet '96 cannot name her members, such is her genius that we have felt her pervading influence and can hear the flapping of her wings as she soars toward the lofty pinnacle upon which she is soon to perch.

One more brief year and she will swoop down upon the world, to bring glory to her Alma Mater and incline the heart of the rich man to give of his gold for the endowment of our beloved Conservatory.







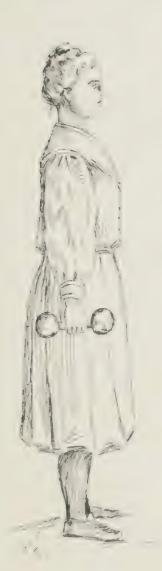
ART SCHOOL HISTORY.



It has been said, that students have lived here in Oberlin long enough to graduate from College, and have never visited the Art Department. From our point of view, this seems very short-sighted, and to guard against future omissions of this kind, accurate information will be given as to its location. It may be found, first, upon page thirty-seven of the College Catalogue, where it looks just as big as the Conservatory, with one great advantage; it has all the fun of *growing* ahead of it. Second; take a course due north-nor'west from the Chapel, and stop at the first building, find the sign upon the outside and read further directions.

About fifty people have begun to be great artists this year, and we hope they will continue in the same direction. Coming from the College, Seminary, Academy, Conservatory and town, their motives have been various. A number expect to make the study of art their life work. Some have come from the Scientific, and Physical Training Courses, because a term of drawing is required, others from the College, because a term of drawing is a very useful five-hour course. Whatever has been the motive for coming, nearly all have been willing to work, and as a consequence, results have

been good. The revenues of the department have been increased, and our walls have had the present of a new terra cottal dress. This with new casts and drawings makes us feel less apologetic in the presence of visitors.



PHYSICAL TRAINING

FACULTY.

DELPHINE HANNA, M. D.

FRED. EUGENE LEONARD, A. M., M. D.

ALBERT ALLEN WRIGHT, A. M.

HENRY CHURCHILL KING, A. M., D. B.

FRANK FANNING JEWETT, A. M.

JOSEPH SEARLE GAYLORD, A. M.

ALBERTA JOSEPHINE CORY.

THEODORE FOCKE. B. S.,

EVA MAY OAKES.

SECOND YEARS.

Laura Auten, Sarah Wyckoff Terrell, Josephine Della Folger.

FIRST YEARS.

Mabel Eunice Bunce,

Myra Belle Sturtevant,

Alice Fidelia Pitkin,

Alice May Stearns,

Anna Mae Emery,

Emma Eugenia Hart,

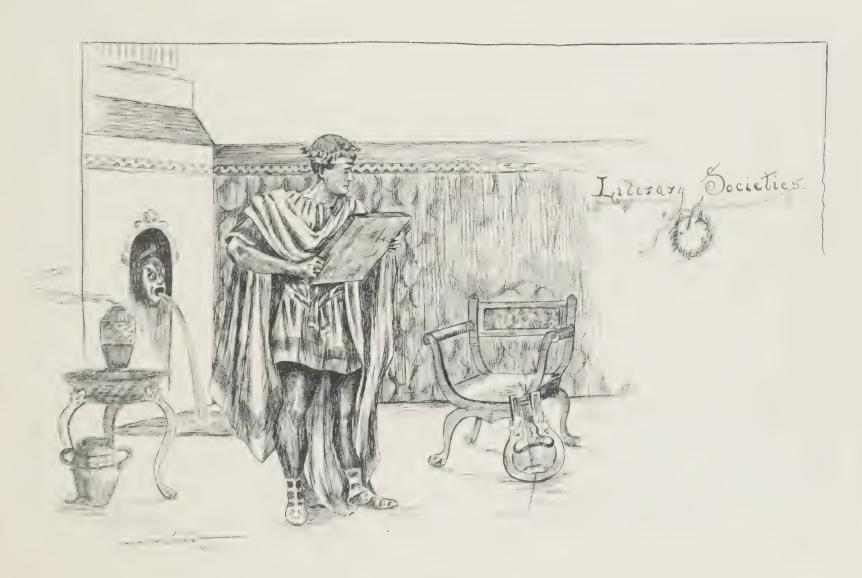
Clara Kern Bayliss,

Grace Dunshee VanLine,

Lizzie Estella Garwood.







Literary Societies.

College.

PHI KAPPA PI,			FOUNDED	1820
PHI DELTA,				1839
L. L. S.,				1846
AELIOIAN,	, .			
ALPHA ZETA,		·		1856
	·			1869
	~ .			
	Seminary.			
SAMEKH ALEPH,			FOUNDED	1887
FINNEY,				1894
	Conservatory.			
HARMONIA,				
HARMONIA,			FOUNDED	1894
	Academy,			
ACME,				
CADMEAN.			FOUNDED	
			•	1881

PHI KAPPA PI.

ESTABLISHED 1839.



Dunlevy, 97. Stanton, '96. C. K., Fauver, '97. Thomson, '96. Behr, '97. Mooney, '95. Raymond, '95. Abbott, '96. Stone, 97. Stiles, '96. P. L. Curtiss, '96. Horner, '96.

ord, 97. McKee, '96. G. W. Harding, '96. Prentiss, '95. Hosford, '95. Massa, '95. L. B. Fauver, '96. Childs, '96.

Chapman, '96. Siddall, '98. Durand, '96. Haskell, '96. Orth, '96. A. H. Shaw, '97. J. D. Harding, '96.

Knight, '96. Downs, '97. W. M. Burke, '96. Barnes, '96. J. F. Burke, '98. Hardy, '96.



PHI DELTA.

ESTABLISHED 1839.



Smithkons, '98. Long, '98. Upham, '96. Rhoades, '96. Ellis, '97. Strong, '97. Hoskins, '98. Tambling, '95. Dawley ...
Rudolph, '98. McDonald, '98. W. F. Thatcher, '98. Callender, '95. Deming, '95. Auten, '96. Bellard, '96. Morgan
Rudolph, '98. McDonald, '98. H. C. Thatcher, '98. P. Whitney, '98. Partridge, '95. Wright, '97. H. C. Tracy, '98.

Young, '98. Alford, '97. Grabill, '96. Shattuc, '98. C. K. Tracy, '97.



L. L. S. ESTABLISHED 1846.



Standish '48. Weston, '96. Patton, '95. Church, '95. A. R. Auten, '96. Hoppin, Con. Gardner, '97. Stiles, '96. Parker, Spe. Ray, '95. Roberts, '95. Hart, '96. Currier, '95. Wilcox, '95. Elmore, '96. Depew, '97. Robbins, '98. Leiter, '95. Silliman, '96. Davis, '97. Woodford, '96. Clarke, '96.



AELIOIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1856.



1.1. Drive ("

Herr. '98. Bement, '98. Coleman, Con. Anderegg, '96. Cann, '96. Millikan

Herr. '98. Johns, '96. Gibson, '97. Preslar, Spec. Sheffield, '97. Fitch, '97. Nelson '96

Partridge, '97. Tomson, '98. Close, '95. Wright '97.



ALPHA ZETA.

ESTABLISHED 1869.



Escott, '97. Marshall, '97. Child, '98. Newcomb, '95. Hawley, '95. Niederhauser, '96. Holl .



SOCIETY CONGRESS.

October 29, 1894.

Oration—"The Influence of the Reformation on the Intellectual
Progress of Europe,"

F. C. McClave, \$\Phi\$, \$K\$, \$\Pi\$.

Story—"The Smith Family Picnic,"

SARA E. GIBSON, *Actioian*.

Oration—"An Opportunity for Usefulness,"

J. A. Hawley, *A. Z.

Story—"Alethesmeter,"

Bertha A. Wilcox, \$L\$, \$L\$, \$S\$.

Debate—"Resolved, That Strikes have been successful,"

R. C. Bellard, Aff.; C. K. Tracy, Neg , \$\Phi\$, \$\Delta\$.

Movember 25, 1894.

ORATION—"The Rattling of the Wheels," R. Dell Close, Actioian. Essay—"Caricature," C. A. Brand, A. Z. Essay—"One Side of Us," II. C. Trice, A. J. Oration—"The Free Kindergarten," Gentrude E. Stilles. / / S. Debate—"Resolved, That the present situation of the country demands the elevation to power of a new party,"

B. F. Stanton, Aff.; C. R. Raymond, Neg., P. K. H.

January 14, 1895.

Oration—"Calhoun as an Orator," J. L. MERIAM, A. Z. Oration—"An Imperative Duty," E. V. Grabill, & J. Story—"Bertha Lamon's Party," Susan Lord Currier, L. L. S. Essay—"The Crank and the Enthusiast," . . . P. L. Curtiss, & K. II Debate—"Resolved, That Japan is justified in her present aggressions against China," Jane Davis, Aff.; Etta M. Wright, Neg., Aelioian.

February 11, 1895.

Oration—"The Times,"							
Essay—"Story-telling as a Fine Art,"							
Oration—"The New Ideal," W. Y. Durand, Φ, K, Π .							
Debate—"Resolved, That those who are injured in a strike should have recourse in the courts against							
March 11, 1895.							
Oration—"Our Watchword—Christian Citizenship," V. Η. Deming, φ. Δ.							
Essay"The Poetic Dearth,"							
Oration—"Religious Progress,"							
Essay"Photography,"							
Debate-"Resolved, That the evil influences of the Salvation Army outweigh the good."							
April 22, 1895.							
Story"A Measure of Expediency,"							
Oration—"Our Outlook,"							
Oration—"Oliver Wendell Holmes,"							
Essay-"Haleakala,"							
**							

SAMEKH ALEPH.

JAMES BOND, BERNARD V. CHILD,

STANLEY B. BEARD,

WARD R. CLARKE,

JAMES A. DAVIDSON,

GEORGE W. HINMAN,

HERBERT J. HINMAN,

BENJAMIN JAMES,

WILLIAM M. MAIR,

GEORGE T. NICHOLS.

WILLIAM J. STEWART,

ARTHUR D. WEAGE.





C. Treka, D. J. Torrens, D. L. Senior, F. A. Bown, J. A. Belanger, J. F. Moore, J. L. Smith,
A. S. Heathcote, T. Griffiths, Prof. J. F. Berry, A. M., D. B. T. Kubricht, E. L. Anderson,
W. H. Hannaford, W. A. Schwimley, W. J. Miller, W. A. Leary,

Finney Society.

MOTTO: "Il here Duty Leads."

OFFICERS:

President, W. A. LEARY.

Secretary and Treasurer, W. J. MILLER.

Vice President, W. H. HANNAFORD.

Musical Director, F. A. Bown.

INASMUCH as one-fourth of our Congregational churches have been, for many years, without pastors, the English course in Oberlin Theological Seminary was opened in 1887 for the purpose of giving some theological training to men who would gladly enter the ministry, but who had been deprived of the advantages which would fit them for entrance to the regular Classical course. It has, thus far, given instruction to 200 students, and has graduated 53. To W. A. Schwimley, 105, O. T. S., belongs credit for the suggestion which led to the organization of the Finney Society, Oct. 10th, 1804. Its purpose is to bring the members of the English course into closer relationship; to cultivate a spirit of social devotion; to secure literary and parliamentary practice; and to give opportunity by friendly debate, for discussion of such questions as cannot well be considered in the class-room, yet which are of interest and value to the Christian minister. The name "Finney" suggested the possibilities which may be attained by men, even the they be deprived of college and seminary training, and also the independent study and hard work which we realize are before us in our chosen profession.

Every regular member of the English course has become a member of the society, and Prof. J. F. Berry, who has charge of the course, heads our honorary list. Meetings are held on Wednesday evening of each week. Each meeting opens with a fifteen-minute devotional service. Business then occupies about the same length of time. The hour which tollows is devoted to the literary and musical program, which is so varied as to avoid monotony and insure interest. We come from many lands and the islands of the sea. Bohemia. England, Wales, Canada, Jamaica, and six states of our own country furnished birthplaces for us. We are workers. Four of us are settled as pastors of neighboring churches; six others preach somewhat regularly in schoolhouses or in Cleveland missions, while still others aid in conducting cottage prayer meetings in different portions of the town. Rev. Thomas Griffiths was the first of our number to go out from the Seminary after our organization. He is now pastor of a church in Fredericksburg. Nebraska, W. A. Schwimley, J. A. Belanger, and D. S. Senior graduate this spring. Mr. Schwimley is pastor of the Congregational church at Penfield, but is looking with longing eyes toward the West, from whence he came. Mr. Belanger has been preaching in Pittsfield, but has lately accepted a call to Rockport. Mr. Senior's future work will probably be in the South.

Wishing these, our brothers, Godspeed, we look forward to the time when we also shall go forth into the field where "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few." Mr. Bown assisted Evangelist Reed in a series of meetings in Pidgway, Pennsylvania, last winter which were very successful. Messrs, Moore and Anderson held special services during the Christmas holidays in Steuben and Chicago, Ohio, with excellent results. Penfield church was also strengthened by penful work, led by Mr. Schwimley. In thus making our first appearance before the public we modestly express the hope that readers of this, and future numbers of The Hi O-Hi, may come to regard Finney Society as one of the permanent and progressive features of Oberlin society life.

Barmonía.

N April, '04, there sprang Athena-like from L. L. S., a society of twenty members, mostly women in the Conservatory Department, with a constitution modeled upon the same plan as the older society, and with the blue blood of its high aspirations and determination running warmly in its veins.

This second daughter of L. L. S. has, therefore, passed through but one year of life's fitful fever. An organization of Conservatory women, for any reason whatever, was a novel phenomenon. "Will it live?" has been a question answered by a combination of encouraging smile and ominous sigh, which being interpreted, meant that children were subject to divers diseases—measles, mumps, and teething; still one could never tell, for this was a most unusual baby for this department, a definite idea, definitely embodied. A visit to the society is enough to dispel such mistaken thoughts. Even the wisdom teeth were cut at birth, and the firmly set maxillaries, the rich, warm clothing of purpose and energy have kept Harmonia proof against the cold minds of indifference and ridicule. She has not been subject to children's diseases, such as the chills of unprepared exercises, or indigestion of Roberts' Rules of Order. True, the placing of recitals upon her acknowledged evening has several times thrown her into convulsions, but all the chords of a modern piano concerto in the next room have failed to cover up the voices of her orators, and Harmonia enters upon her second year a thoroughly tried and firm organization.

Harmonia fills a great gap in the training of Conservatory women. In no other way can a student who does not have college work drill herself in concise expression of clear cut thought. Indeed, the acknowledged fundamental good which the society has brought to its members is the spur of necessity, which forces the germs of intellectual ability to produce living truths clothed in exact language and arranged in logical succession. Harmonia has developed poise in its members and filled their intellects with the good things which musicians are supposed to put into their playing. A member, unless very new, can be distinguished from an ordinary student by erect, dignified carriage, extra breadth of brow, and directness of speech. There is neither nonsense nor stiffness about her. A year's training in Harmonia has done more to fit her for upholding, by practical methods, the Oberlin ideals in music than three years' training in piano technique.



JENKINS. BROOKS. SMITH.

McKNIGHT. MACINTOSH. BARNES. PAYNE.

JOINER. DOBYNS. BEBOUT.

CHAPMAN. FOLLANSBEE. MARSH.

BEARBY.

DEFOREST. GHALITT. STRONG.



ACME.

FOUNDED ISSI.



EVANS.

ACADEMY DECLAMATION CONTEST.

Warner Ball, Friday, April 26, 1895.

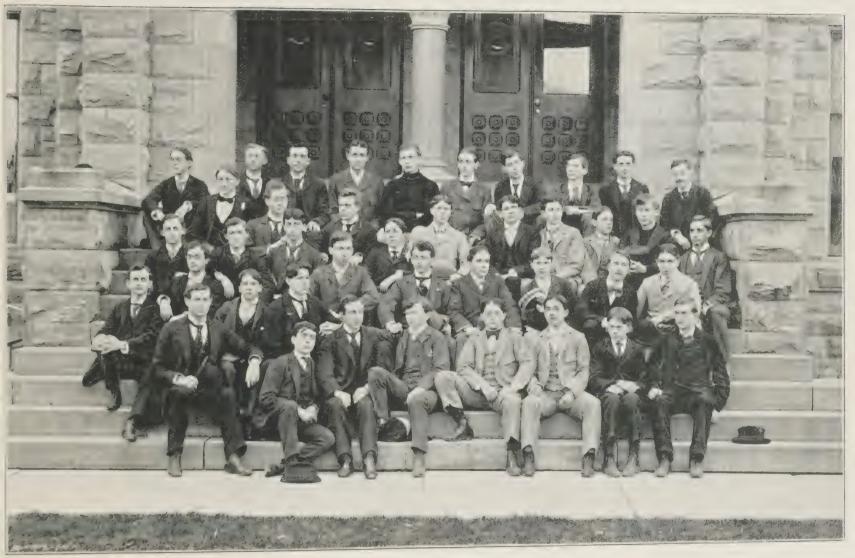
PROGRAM.

"The Declaration of Independence," $Fisk$ C. Storey.	"Under the Flag,"
"The Scholar of Thebet Ben Khorat," Willis Cora La Von King.	"The Ruggleses Dinner Party," Wiggin *Nettie H. Rowland.
"Wendell Phillips and the Alton Riot," Curtis A. H. Fiebach.	''James Russell Lowell,'' Curtis L. W. Allen.
"Briar Rose," Boyeson Katherine B. Romig.	"A Russian Christmas,"

" Winners

CADMEAN.

FOUNDED 1881.



Reed, Beatty, Robinson, MacIntosh, Smith, B. F. Allen, Thompson, Fiebach, Street, Hart, Baird, Kingsbury, Thomsen, Braniger, Hyde, Sloan, Garn, Long, Jenney, W. Fauver, G. Fauver, L. Storey, Stauffer, Nott, Kilbon, Whitney, Winter, Marsh, L. W. Allen, Doolittle, Kelsey, Allaben, Williams, Outton, C. Storey, Grimes Stanley, Reid, Cooley, Comings, Giles,

TENTH UNION ANNUAL.

MARCH, 8, 1895.

PROGRAM. INVOCATION. Chas. B. Marsh (C.) Geo. W. Hales (A.) Music. Miss Simpson and Mr. Brown. H. Siemens (A.) Chas. N. Wheeler (C.) Music. Miss Simpson and Mr. Brown. DEBATE: "Resolved, That foreign immigration to the United States should be prohibited for the next ten years." Aff. { A. H. Fiebach (C.) C. S. Baird (C.) * Neg. { L. A. Kolbe (A.) A. R. Atwood (A.) Music: a. Night, Lang. Miss French.

^{*} Awarded first place,

Union Annual Speakers.

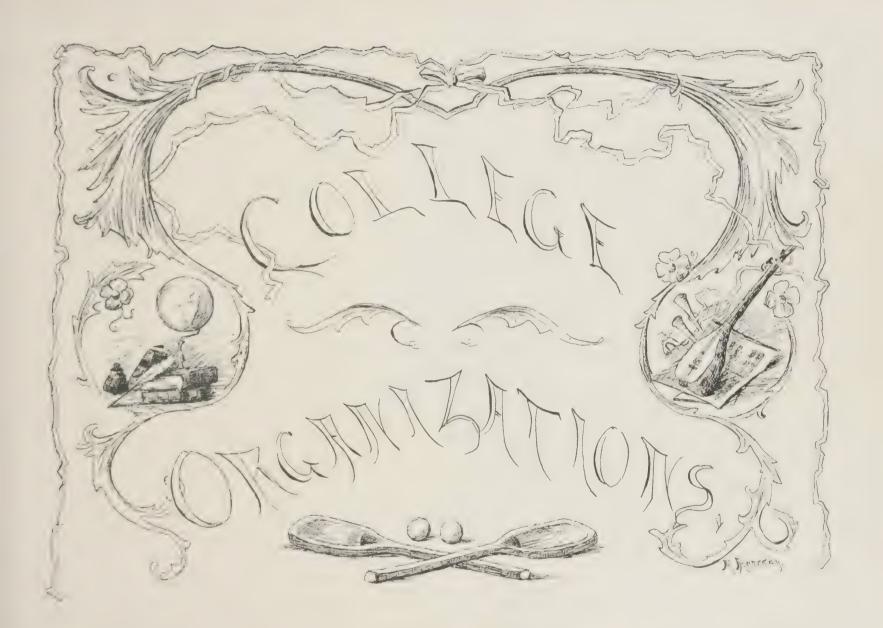


A. H. FIEBACH. A. R. ATWOOD. G. W. HALES.

L. A. KOLBE. H. SIEMENS

C. N. WHEELER. C. B MARSH C. S. BAIRD.







GREEK CLUB

Paul P. Boyd,
Jonas K. Cheney,
Charles H. Cornwall,
Harry A. Ford,
William P. Holt,
Harry B. Johnson,
Lathrop A. Peck,
Archer H. Shaw,
Winthrop F. Thatcher,
Henry C. Tracy,
Lucien T. Warner,
Frank P. Whitney,

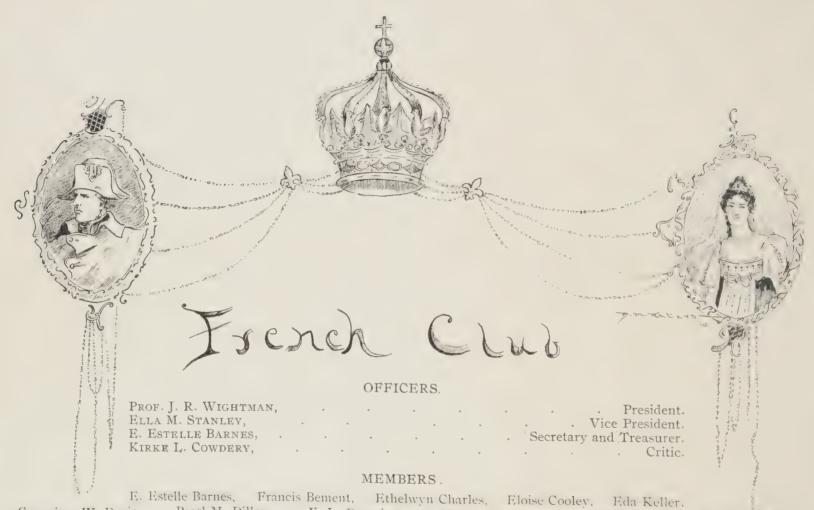
Joseph D. Yocum, Elizabeth Anderegg, Annie Bennett, Elizabeth Cheney, Mary C. Chittenden, Anna W. Fairfield, Helen T. French, Minnie May, Mary S. Morrison. Minnie G. Ross, Annie E. Sinden, Edith O. Whiting.

Philosophy Club.

PROF. HENRY C. KING,

CLARA L. PENDLETON,	JEANETTE P. SHAW,	ANDREW AUTEN,	J. A. HAWLEY,
R. W. H. HOSFORD,	F. C. MACCLAVE,	G. W. MOONEY,	Y. OSAKI,
E. C. PARTRIDGE,	C. R. RAYMOND,	T. REMLEY,	A. D. SHEFFIELD,
RAY STET	SON.	B. A. WILLIAM	s.

Physical Training Club.



Genevieve W. Davis, Anna Parry, E. R. Raymond, Ella M. Stanley, Myra B. Sturtevant, Mabel P. Wetterling, Nellie E. Wetterling, Frank E. Elliott, Kirke L. Cowdery, H. J. Himman, R. Miravalles, Arthur P. Patterson, F. P. Phipps, Louis M. Rice. R. B. Richmond, H. W. Smithkons, George W. Sumner, Franklin H. Warner, J. R. Wightman.



NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE.

Contest.

Members.	IOWA CITY, IOWA, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1895.			
University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, University of Iowa, University of Chicago, Northwestern University, Oberlin College.	PROGRAM. INVOCATION. Oration, "The Wandering Jew." Harry W. Hanson, University of Iowa. Oration, "Reasons for a New Political Party." H. F. Atwood, University of Chicago.			
Officers 1893=96.	*Oration,			
F. W. BECKMAN, State University of Iowa, R. W. KENARLE, Northwestern University, S. P. ORTH, Oberlin College, A. C. SCHMIDT, University of Wisconsin, J. H. QUARLES, University of Michigan, A. R. BOWERS, University of Chicago, Treasurer.	E. P. Bennett, Northwestern University. Oration, 'Regnant Americanism.'' C. R. Raymond, Oberlin College. † Oration, "The Wandering Jew." Rodney A. Elward, University of Wisconsin. * Awarded first place. † Awarded second place.			

OBERLIN ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Officers, 1894-95.		Officers, 1895-96.
W. C. PRENTISS,	. President.	L. B. FAUVER, President.
ROSE LEITER,	Vice President.	L. L. LIAN E. HART, Vice President.
J. L. MERIAM,	. Secretary.	T. J. REMLEY, Secretary.
F. C. MACCLAVE,	. Treasurer.	W. M. BURKE, Treasurer.

HOME ORATORICAL CONTEST.

First Church, Friday Evening, January 25, 1895.

PROGRAM.

INVOCATION.

	Prize Essay.	
"The Rise of the Fourth Estate,"		Bertha A. Wilcox, '95, L. L. S.
"Invading Europeanism," - " "Barneveld," - "		J. A. Hawley, '95, Alpha Zeta. S. P. Orth, '96, Phi Kappa Pi.
"The Modern Sybarite,"		F. C. MacClave, '95, Phi Kappa Pi.
	MUSIC.	
a. Rondo Grazioso,		G. W. Andrews Lemmens.
b. Marche Pontificale,	Prof. Geo. W. Andrews.	
	1101. Geo. W. 12002	B. F. Stanton, '96, Phi Kappa Pi.
"America's To-morrow," † "Regnant Americanism," *		- C. R. Raymond, '95, Phi Kappa Pi.

Awarded first place. † Awarded second place.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

Sturges Hall, April 29, 1895.

Sturges Hall, March 18, 1895.

PROGRAM.

"Wendell Phillips," .	Theodore Remley, Alpha Zeta.
The New Ideal." .	W. Y. Durand, Phi Kappa Pi.
American Feudalism."	. R. A. Upham, Phi Delta.

MUSIC.

"Dealing with the Hydra,"	E. V. Grabill, Phi Delta.
"The Fanatie."	. S. P. Orth, Phi Kappa Pi.
"Wanted -Men,"	Elmer Whitlock Alpha Zeta

^{*} Awarded first place.
† Awarded second place.

PROGRAM.

''Patriotism,''	. H. A. Ellis, Phi Delta.
† "The Old Order Changeth,"	. R. S. Dorsett Alpha Zeta.
''Napoleon,''	J. H. Behr. Phi Kappa Pi.

MUSIC.

"A Victory," B. H. Stone, Phi Kappa Pi.

*"Race Prejudice and the Chinaman," C. K. Tracy, Phi Delta.

"Labor Leaders," C. F. Witherby, Alpha Zeta.

^{*} Awarded first place.

[†] Awarded second place.



Laboratory Views.





U. L. A. Officers.

S. P. Orth,		0	President.
Cora D. Woodford.	٠	. Vice	President.
Jane Davis		Recording	Secretary.
Lynn C. Skeels		Correspon	ding Sec'y.
Benj. F. Stanton.			Treasurer.
H. B. Thurston, .			Librarian.

Book Committee.

Prof. H. C. King, Elmer Whitlock,

Mella N. Silliman, . Daisy Sylvester,

H. B. Thurston.

The Oberlin Review.

Board of Editors for 1894-95.

	Editor-in-Chief. Associate Editor.
	Departments.
	A. D. Sheffield, '95, Literary. Grace Millikan, '95, Religious. Louie M. Church, '95, Social. E. C. Partridge, '95, Educational.
S. D. Callender, '9 L. B. Fauver, '96,	Financial Manager. Assistant Manager.
	Correspondents.
	Prof. Edward Dickinson, A. M., Juella M. Follansbee, '95, Con., W. C. Clancy, '96, Athletic (Foot Ball.) V. H. Baer, '97, Athletic (Base Ball.)



S. D. CALLENDER.
F. C. MACCLAVE.

E. C. PARTRIDGE.

LOUIE M. CHURCH.

GRACE MILLIKAN. H. J. HASKELL.

A. D. SHEFFIELD.

C. R. RAYMOND.

Review Board 1895=96.

Harry J. Haskell, '96, . . . Editor-in-Chief. Walter Y. Durand, '96, . . . Associate Editor

Board.

Mabel C. Warnock, '96. Jesse C. Childs, '96. Asa S. Hardy, '96. Helen Clarke, '96. Reuben M. Strong, '97.

Louis B. Fauver, '96, . . . Financial Manager. Arthur G. Thatcher, '97, . . . Assistant Manager.

The Thi=O=Thi.

THE Annuals stand in a row on my book shelf—dark red, light green, dark green, flaming crimson and modest cream; the last somewhat the worse for the accumulated dust of the year. In spite of the rollicking fun recorded within their covers there is a tinge of sadness about them, for they almost seem a row of tombstones on which successive generations of students have inscribed their names and valiant deeds, and then have silently passed into that unknown land, the "World." which opened to engulf them, and then closed over their heads with as little disturbance as tho they had been ordinary mortals, instead of the great and mighty of their college world.

But one must bow to the inevitable. I sigh and pull down the first book of the series published in 1890 by "members of the Junior Class." It opens to a page of statistics. There is the most popular man in college; the handsomest man; and a whole collection of lesser curiosities including the college Methuselah, Baby, Giant, and Dwarf.

In its first stages the Annual was of necessity a rather crude affair. It contained no literary matter and its drawings would hardly be considered by Lotze as entering into the sphere of Aesthetics.

If one were accounting for progress in Annuals on the theory of Evolution, he would confront the same difficulty which troubled Darwin-the Missing Link.

The Annuals of '91 and '92 would scarcely be recognized as of the same genus. Mr. Pettit, Editor of the latter, was probably as well qualified for his position as any undergraduate is likely to be; he could draw an artistic design as well as write good English, and his sense of humor was keen.

The famous "In Sancto Facultorum" and "Diary of Peck's Bad Boy"—which last, by the way, was torn from the bona fide diary of a bona fide Cad—have become Oberlin classics. In fact, so far as literary make-up is concerned, there has been little room for further evolution since that time.

Mr. Briggs succeeded in producing an Annual that was creditable to '93; the prize comedy, founded on an incident that really happened at Talcott, was specially good.

"Tommy" Green, (my Lord, as his Associate Editor, the irrepressible Rain, used to call him) brought out the next Annual with a startling binding in crimson and gold.

Its views of college grounds were unusually well done; Tappan Walk in particular. The "Casual Observer" said a number of good things and argued against the ten o'clock rule with special effectiveness.

Last year's Hi-O-Hi is too familiar to the present generation to need comment. Its artistic work excelled that of all previous years, and the "Chronicles of Hezekiah I" will not soon be forgotten by us who worship Pressee Dent after the manner of our fathers.

The History of College Life for the past five years is found within the covers of these volumes. Many a pleasant memory will they revive when we, too, are numbered with the countless generations who have gone out to be swallowed up by the busy outside world.

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Thi=O=Thi Board.

Walter Y. Durant	Э,				٠		٠	• 4		Editor.
GERTRUDE E. STILE	S,					٠		Associ	ate .	Editor.
WILL C. CLANCY,	٠	٠		٠			٠	Associ	ate l	Editor.
ALICE L. JOHNSON,		•	٠							Artist.
W. M. Burke,	٠			٠	•			Financia	l Ma	nager
WILL B. CHAMBERLI	IN,		٠			٠		Assistan	t Ma	nager.

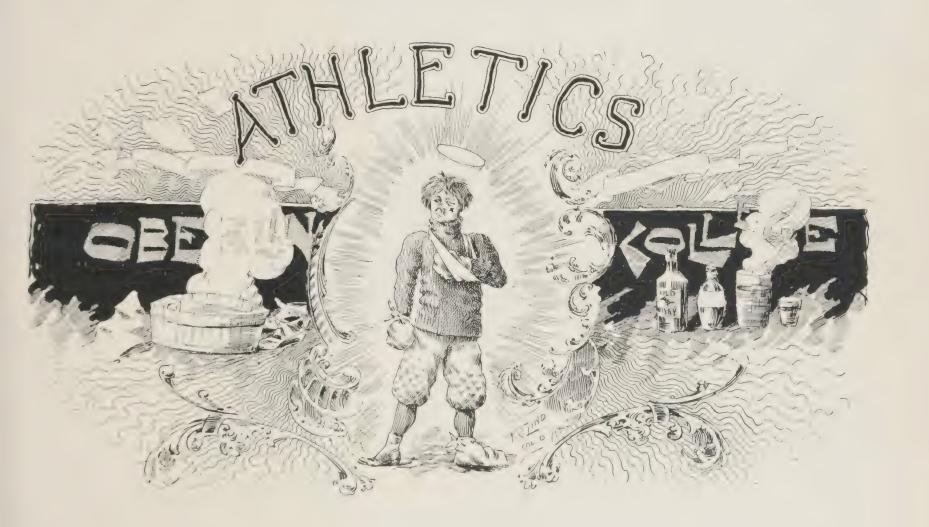


ALICE L. JOHNSON. W. C. CLANCY.

W. Y. DURAND.
W. B. CHAMBERLIN.

W. M. BURKE.
GERTRUDE E STILES.





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

MERTON H. JAMESON, '96, President.

JOHN H. BEHR, '97, Treasurer.

Frank P. Whitney, '98, Vice President.

Ernest C. Partridge, '95, Secretary.

Advisory Board.

	Prof. F. Jewett, Chairman.	
From the Faculty,	Prof. F. F. Jewett, Prof. J. R. Wightman, Prof. E. D. Roe, Jr	
From the Alumni,	Dr. F. E. Leonard, Dr. Geo. C. Jameson, A. G. Comings	
From the Students,	F. C. MacClave, '95, H. J. Haskell, '96, W. Y. Durand, '96	



E. H. BOOTHMAN, '96. Winner of Cary Medal, 1895.



H. A. YOUNG, '98, Winner of All-round Champion Medal.

FIELD DAY, MAY 18, 1895.

120 Yard Hurdle. { A. M. Webster, '99	Two-Mile Bicycle. { G. F. White, '966 min. 5 2-5 sec. H. G. Kribs, A. One-Half Mile Run. { R. D. Bailey, '962 min. 15 4-5 s.c. H. A. Young, '98. F. H. Warner, '98.
A. M. Webster, A. H. C. Stoughton, '98.	Running Broad Jump. H. C. Gould, '98
Hammer Throw. { F. L. McKee, '96	220 Yard Hurdle. { H. A. Young, '98 32 3-5 sec. A. M. Webster, A.
E. H. Boothman, '9623 sec. A. M. Webster, A. (H. C. Stoughton, '98.	R. D. Bailey. E. V. Grabill. W. C. Clancy. E. H. Boothman.
Pole Vault. A. R. Mosher, '98	H. H. Fritts. R. M. Strong. W. H. Baer. T. M. Taylor.
Putting Shot. (F. L. McKee, '96	400 Yard Relay Race. { J. A. Hawley. W. H. Dawley. R. H. Hosford. V. H. Deming.
440 Yard Dash. { H. A. Young, '98. F. H. Warner, '98. C. M. Hobart, '98	V. H. Deming. H. C. Stoughton. H. C. Gould. L. T. Warner. C. M. Hobart.

CLASS SUMMARY.

FII	RSTS.	SEC	ONDS.	THIRDS.	TOTALS.
·98	5		6	8	4.5
· (jt)	8		1	1	43
95	0		I	I	3
97	()		I		2

FIELD DAY RECORDS.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

OBERLIN.

Corrected to March 16, 1895.		Cox	rrected to May 18, 1895.
College. Winner. Record.	Event.	Record.	Winner.
PrincetonCary10 sec	Yard Dash	10 sec	E. H. Boothman, '96.
PrincetonCary21 4-5 sec	220 Yard Dash	21 3-5 sec	E. H. Boothman, '96.
Harvard Baker47 3-4 sec	440 Yard Dash	54 2-5 sec	
Princeton Dohm 1 min. 55 1-4 sec	Half-Mile Run	2 min. 15 4-5 sec	R. D. Bailey, '96.
U. of POrton4 min. 25 sec	Mile Run	4 min. 55 4-5 sec	L. E. Hart, '93.
YaleWilliams15 4-5 sec	120 Yard Hurdle	16 3-5 sec	H. Keep, '97.
HarvardBremer24 3-5 sec			
U. of POsgood5 min. 10 sec	Two-Mile Bicycle	5 min. 33 3-5 sec	W. H. Winchester, '97.
U. of P Page ft. 4 in	Running High Jump	5 ft. 9 in	
ColumbiaMapes22 ft. 111/4 in	Running Broad Jump	19 ft. 912 in	H. Keep. 'o-
C. of P Buckholtz 10 ft. 10 s in	·····Pole Vault	9 ft. 6 in	H A Volume '08
Yale Hickok 123 ft. 9 in	Throwing Hammer		D H Comban '-6
Yale Hickok42 ft	Putting Shot	38 ft. ¼ in	Hall, A.





CLANCY. WOODWORTH, C. K. FAUVER, L. B. FAUVER,

JAMESON, BOWERS, Coach. SHERRILL, Capt. VOORHEES. PEIRCE.

GAR. FAUVER. WIN. FAUVER.

VARSITY BASE BALL TEAM.

1895=

A. W. SHERRILL, Capt.J. H. BEHR, Manager.H. O. BOWERS, Coach.

H. B. VOORHEES, p.C. K. FAUVER, 1. f. & p.W. C. CLANCY, s. s.M. H. JAMESON, c. f.

EDGAR FAUVER, 3d b.

EDWIN FAUVER,
A. R. MOSHER,
C. W. PEIRCE, 1st b.

H. F. VAUGHN, 1. f. A. W. SHERRILL, c.

L. B. FAUVER,
E. H. BOOTHMAN,
J. R. WOODWORTH,

W. H. BAER, Scorer.



ALVAN W. SHERRILL, Captain Oberlin Varsity Base Ball Team, 1895.

VARSITY BASE BALL GAMES-1895.

```
April 28. Case at Oberlin, - Case, - 1,
                                                        Oberlin,
May 4. O. S. U. at Columbus, - - O. S. U., - 5.
                                                        Oberlin,
May 11. Hiram at Oberlin, - - Hiram, - 2,
                                                        Oberlin,
May 13. Baldwin-Wallace at Berea, - - Baldwin-Wallace, o,
                                                        Oberlin,
May 18. U. of Wisconsin at Oberlin, - - U. of Wis., - 11,
                                                        Oberlin,
May 25. Hiram at Hiram, - - - - Hiram, - 7.
                                                        Oberlin,
                                         Cornell, - 1,
                                                        Oberlin,
May 29. Cornell at Oberlin,
June 1. U. of Michigan at Ann Arbor,
June 3. Northwestern University at Evanston,
June 4. U. of Wisconsin at Madison,
June 8. Washington and Jefferson at Oherlin,
```

CLASS BASE BALL TEAMS.

'95.	'96.	'97•	'98.
Partridge, (Capt.) c.	Cowley, c.	Lord, (Capt.) c.	Hoskins, c.
Tambling, p.	Cunningham, (Capt.) p.	Johnson, p.	Miller, p.
Mooney, 1 b.	Grabill, s. s.	McKee, s. s.	Tidd, 1 b.
Hosford, 2 b.	G. W. Harding, 1 b.	Bebout, 1b.	Mosher, 2 b.
Meriam, 3 b.	Hazel, 2 b.	Thatcher, 2 b.	Burke, 3 b.
MacClave, s. s.	Phipps, 3b.	Richmond, 3 b.	Gould, s. s.
Raymond, 1. f.	Murphy, r. f.	Behr, c. f.	Shippen, 1. f.
Adams, c. f.	Boothman, c. f.	Gilmore, 1. f.	Thomsen, c. f.
Deming, r. f.	Laughlin, 1. f.	McMurray, r. f.	Ward, r. f.
Subs.	Subs.	Subs.	Subs.
Williams.	White.	Fritts.	McDonald.
Callender.	Burke.	Gould.	Lacey.
		Seibert.	Wilford.

CLASS BASE BALL SUMMARY.

SENIORS	won o	 lost 6	per ct000
JUNIORS	won 3	 lost 3	per ct500
Sophomores	won 4	 lost 2	per et666
Freshmen	won 5	 lost ı	per ct .833



RUDOLPH. FITCH

W. MILLER. MCDONALD. MERRIAM. COWLEY.

STREATOR. BOOTHMAN. BOORAND, DORSETT. YOUNG.
MCDONALD. MERRIAM. COWLEY, DURAND, BAER. MCMURRAY.



OBERLIN COLLEGE FOOT BALL TEAM-1894.

CLAYTON K. FAUVER, Capt.

ALVAN W. SHERRILL, Mgr.

W. H. MERRIAM, right end. E. H. FITCH, Jr., right tackle.

V. C. STREATOR, right guard.

I. H. McMURRAY, center.

J. H. BEHR, end.

S. D. MILLER, tackle.

F. H. BOGRAND, left guard.

C. G. McDONALD, left tackle.

P. C. COLE, left end.

W. R. MILLER, quarter back.

J. F. RUDOLPH, quarter back.

SUBSTITUTES.

R. S. DORSETT, center.

R. C. PEIRCE, guard.

W. Y. DURAND, half back.

J. W. HEISMAN, Coach.

C. K. FAUVER, Capt., right half, left tackle.

R. H. COWLEY, right half.

E. H. BOOTHMAN, left half.

H. A. YOUNG, full back.

I. D. SHAW, guard.

H. B. VOORHEES, half and full back.



CLAYTON KING FAUVER,
Captain Oberlin Varsity Foot-Ball Team, 1894.

I 20

VARSITY FOOT BALL GAMES.

September 29, at Oberlin,				-		-		Oberlin,	67	Mt. Union, o
October 15, at Oberlin,	-		d m		-		-	4.6	38	Kenyon, o
October 20, at Oberlin,	-	-		-	,	u .		66	I 2	Wittenberg, o
October 27, at Washington	1, -		-		-			6.6	0	Washington and Jefferson, o
November 3, at Cleveland		-				-			20	Case School, 6
November 7, at Cleveland	_		-		-		-	44	4	Adelbert, 22
November 17, at Ann Arb	or,	-		-		-		**	6	University of Michigan, 14
November 24, at Oberlin,								44	*6	Pennsylvania State College, 9
								Oberlin,	153	Opponents, 51

^{*} By decision of Walter Camp.

CLASS FOOT BALL SCORES.



SUMMARY.

CLASS	'95	'96	'97	'98
WON	0	6	5	2
LOST	6	I	2	4
PER CENT	.000	.857	.714	.333

BY POINTS.

'96,	92 pc	oints.	Opponents,	14	points.
'97,	52	6.6	"	34	6.6
'98,	10	6.6	66	48	4.4





SKEELS. BELLARD, WHITE.

'96 FOOT BALL TEAM.

CHAMPIONS FOR 1894.

LEFT. R. D. Bailey ENDS	RIGHT. A. S. Hardy, G. F. White.
E. P. Thomson, A. T. Cunningham TACKLES	L. C. Skeels.
D. H. Purnell, F. C. Curtis.	F. L. McKee.
CENTER. R. C. Bellard.	
QUARTER. W. M. Burke.	
W. Y. Durand	. E. V. Grabill.
FULL-BACK. W. C. Clancy, (Capt.)	
SUBS. S. P. Orth, T. Remley, H. J. Haskell.	

'97 FOOT BALL TEAM.



Bebont, Lg

Brown, r, e. Thatcher, l, t. Clarke, r, t. Baer, (Capt.) q, b. Morgan, r, h, b. McKee, sub. Strong, e. Lord, l, e. Richmond, sub. Winchester, l. h. b. Squire, f. b.)

Gould, r.g.

'98 FOOT BALL TEAM.



Whitney, r. g



'95 FOOT BALL TEAM.



 $\label{eq:macClave} \begin{array}{lll} \text{MacClave, } q.\ b. \ \text{Raymond, } r.\ e. \ \text{Williams, } sub. \ \text{Dawley, } r.\ l. \ & \text{Meriam, } r.\ h.\ b. \ & \text{Hosford, } r.\ g. \\ & \text{Deming, } c. \ & \text{Partridge, } (\text{Capt.})\ l.\ h.\ b. \ & \text{Prentiss, } l.\ l. \\ & \text{McClure, } l.\ e. \ & \text{Callender, } l.\ g. \ & \text{Tambling, } f.\ b. \ & \text{Hawley, } sub. \end{array}$

ACADEMY 'VARSITY, 1894.

Edwin Fauver, Captain.		C. W. Savage, Manager and Coach.
A. A. Ward, c. H. L. Edgerton, r. g. C. G. Briton, l. g. G. W. Hales, r. t.	C. E. Jenks, l. t. A. Winter, r. e. W. E. Mosher, l. e. J. E. Evans, q. b.	Edgar Fauver, r. h. Edwin Fauver, l. h. W. L. Washington, f. b.
D. T. Bailey, C. O. Biggar, W. J. Cassidy,	A. W. Plumley, G. R. Hemingway, R. A. Chapman,	C. S. Stiles, R. A. Fobes, R. W. Engel.
At Berea, October 17, At Wellington, October 21, At Oberlin, October 31, At Oberlin, November 17,	Games. Academy 8, Academy 34, Academy 18, Academy 12,	Baldwin-Wallace 6. Wellington High School 5. Oberlin High School o. Central High School o.



HEMINGWAY. CHAPMAN. ENGEL.

PLUMLEY. STILES BRITON. BIGGAR. WASHINGTON.
G. FAUVER. EDGERTON. HALES. W. FAUVER, Capt. CASSIDY. JENKS. MOSHER.



TENNIS.

I. II.

DOUBLES. SINGLES.

He one, He won,
She one, She won,
They won. They one.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

J. E. BARNARD, '98,	٠		٠			. President.
H. W. STILES, '96,		٠.,	0	a 4		Vice President.
W. B. MAHONY, '98,				٠	Secretary	and Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. E. BARNARD, '98. H. B. JOHNSON, '97. H. W. STILES, '96. W. B. MAHONY, '98. G. E. WOODHOUSE, Con.

Indian Club.









MEN'S GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

April 19 and 20, 1895.

EXHIBITION CLASS.

R. D. BAILEY.
W. C. CLANCY.
C. T. CLARKE.
J. T. CONKEY.
R. H. COWLEY.
J. M. DAVIS.

W. B. ELMORE.
J. E. EVANS.
J. L. EWALT.
C. K. FAUVER.
A. H. FIEBACH.
G. W. HALES.

G. W. HARDING.
J. B. HOSKINS.
J. H. McMURRAY.
R. B. RICHMOND.
J. F. RUDOLPH.
A. W. SHERRILL.

W. I. SQUIRE.
W. F. THATCHER.
C. C. TIDD.
C. K. TRACY.
H. C. TRACY.
H. A. YOUNG.

PROGRAM.

2.	Parallel Bars,	Led by MR. SQUIRE Led by MR. CLANCY Barnjum.	 Swedish Day's Order, . Arranged and led by DR. LEONARD. Tumbling, Led by MR. YOUNG. Dumb-Bell Drill, Roberts.
		Led by MR. YOUNG.	Led by MR. COWLEY.
	Variety,	Led by MR McMURRAY.	9. Vaulting Box, Led by MR. SQUIRE. 10. Pyramids, Led by MR. FAUVER.



BICYCLE CLUB.

G. F. WHITE,										
ROY ENGEL,			٠	•	۰					President.
W. H. WINCHESTER,										Vice President.
W. I. SQUIRE,	•				٠					. Captain.
7,000		,						Secr	etary	and Treasurer.





LEONARD.

HORNER.

PENNIMAN. DIETRICK. SAVAGE. ADAMS. FOOTE.

MILLS. HAHN. COX.

DRESSER.

ELLIS, MGR. BASSETT. PATTERSON. JOHNSON. MATHER. GOODSELL. BRECKENRIDGE. ROUNDS.

THE OBERLIN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

CHARLES WINFRED SAVAGE, N. Y.,							President.
CHARLES H. ADAMS, Ill.,							. Director.
WILLIAM K. BRECKENRIDGE, Pa.,							Pianist.
WILLIAM A. ROUNDS, Ohio, .							Violinist.
GEORGE M. JONES, Pa.,							Manager.

FIRST TENOR.

Harvey L. Bassett, Ohio. Howard E. Goodsell, Ohio. William A. Dietrick, N. Y. William W. Foote, Ohio.

SECOND TENOR.

Everett P. Johnson, Ohio. William H. Dresser, Ohio. J. Waldo Mather, Iowa. Theo. C. Hahn, Ohio.

BARITONE.

Charles H. Adams, Ill. William J. Horner, Ohio. C. Winfred Savage, N. Y. Ralph Cox, Iowa.

BASS.

Paul B. Patterson, Ohio. Ira B. Penniman, Ohio. Edwin P. Leonard, N. Y. Charles F. H. Mills, Mich.

GLEE CLUB SEASON, 1894--95.

Holiday Tour.

Toledo Ohio						December	r 17								Central Congregational Church
Grand Rapids, Mich.	·		•				т8								. Доскегру пан
South Bend, Ind.		•		·	•		IO								First Presbyterian Church
Chicago, Ill.							20					·			Y. M. C. A. Auditorium
Muscatine, Iowa							21			•					Presbyterian Church
							22		•			•		•	First M. E. Church
Burlington, Iowa													•		New Graham Opera House
Washington, Iowa							24				•				V M C A Auditorium
Des Moines, Iowa							25						٠		Y. M. C. A. Auditorium
Lawrence, Kas.															Bowersock Opera House
Kansas City, Mo															First Congregational Church
Springfield, Mo.							28								
St. Louis, Mo.						6.6	29								Entertainment Hall
Greenville, Ill.						. "	31								Moss Hall
Indianapolis, Ind.						Januar	y I								Y. M. C. A. Auditorium
Auburn, Ind.							2		,						Presbyterian Church
							Othe	r Conc	erts.						
Norwalk, Ohio						February	13		,						Gardiner Music Hall
Cleveland, Ohio							28								Plymouth Congregational Church
Elyria, Ohio						March	TT				,				Open House
Oberlin, Ohio						.,									
Oberlin, Ohio .			·		•	4.4	0.5								First Church
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·							45								First Church



THE Y. M. C. A. SINGERS' CLUB.

CHAS. T. TINKER,			. President.
I. D. SHAW,			Secretary and Treasurer
E. P. Johnson,			. Director.
FIRST TENOR.	SECOND TENOR.	FIRST BASS.	SECOND BASS.
W. A. Dietrick,	G. O. Swartz,	G. T. Abbott,	I. D. Shaw,
H. C. Marshall,	E. B. Ward,	C. T. Tinker,	W. B. Gane,
C. M. Hobart,	W. E. Long,	E. L. Brown,	W. P. Holt,
A. Auten,	C. Mattison.	J. H. McMurray.	C. Z. Augenbaugh,
C. A. Kellogg.			L. K. Brown.



Musical Union.

Chas. H. Adams,																			President
R. S. Dorsett,	٥				٠				٠						·	٠	Ť	٠	Secretary.
Lynds Jones, .		٠		٠				٠		٠		۰	e		0		0		Treasurer.
H. W. Stiles,	٠				0	٠								٠					Librarian.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Chas. H. Adams, President. Lynds Jones,

Prof. F. B. Rice, E. P. Johnson,

R. S. Dorsett, Prof. A. S. Kimball.

Iboliday Concerts.

DEC. 13 AND 14, 1884.

"The Messiab." Handel.

Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, of Cincinnati, Soprano. Mr. H. Hobart Smock, of New York, Tenor. Prof. F. B. Rice, Director.

Miss Mary Louise Clary, of New York, Alto. Mr. Chas. H. Adams, of Oberlin, Bass. Prof. Geo. W. Andrews, Organist.

Commencement Concerts.

JUNE 18 AND 19, 1895.

Mendelssohn. "The Elijab,"

Miss Anna D. Newcomb, of Oberlin, Soprano. Mr. J. H. McKinley, of New York, Tenor.

Prof. Geo. W. Andrews, Organist. Pron F B Rice, Director.

Miss Margaret Jones, of Oberlin, Alto. Mr. Watkin Mills, of London, Bass. Prof. W. K. Breekenridge, Pianist.



炒. 加. C. A.

OFFICERS 1895-96.

y. ua. c. A.

OFFICERS 1895-96.

SARA E. GIBSON, '97,	President.
JANE E. DAVIS, Con., Vice	President.
LILLIAN E. HART, '96,	Secretary.
GERTRUDE E. STILES, '96,	Treasurer.



CYRUS A. CLARK.
(Oberlin's Missionary in Japan.)

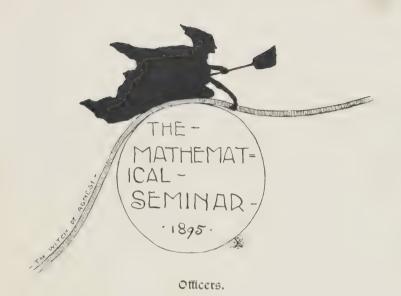
Missionary Volunteers.

OFFICERS, 1895-96.

OFFICERS, 1894–95.				
		Esther Ward, .		. President.
F. W. Griffiths,	President.	Geo. W. Hinman,		Vice President.
Clara S. Davis,	Secretary.	Lelia H. Elmore,		
G. G. Brown,	Treasurer.	Agnes Baird, .		. Treasurer.

Missionary Union.

F. W. Griffiths,					President.
C. W. Rice.				Vice	President.
J. L. Jones, .				٠	Treasurer.
N. C. Hirschy,		,			Secretary.



Professors Anderegg and Roe, . . Directors. Professor E. D. Roe. Jr., President. Mr. G. M. Jones, Vice President. MISS G. D. WESTON, Secretary.

Papers Presented 1894=1895.

I.—r. On the impossibility of the Algebraic solution of the quintic.

2. The path traversed by a man moving continuously north-east on the earth's surface, with a uniform velocity.

October 3, 1894. . . Professor E. D. Roe, Jr.

II.—A general expression for the radius of curvature.

1. In rectangular coördinates.

2. In polar coördinates.

October 17, 1894. . Mr. H. R. Hazel.

III.—1. Every rational integral algebraic polynomial has a root.

2. Every rational integral algebraic equation of the *nth* degree has *n* roots.

October 31, 1894. . Miss M. J. Nelson.

IV.—On the intrinsic equation of a curve and its application to a few problems.

November 14, 1894. . Mr. H. J. Haskell.

V.—A formula of the integral calculus for area in space in terms of polar coordinates.

November 28, 1894. . Mr. R. F. Massa.

VI.—The values of $\frac{\pi^2}{6}$ and $\frac{\pi^2}{8}$ in infinite series.

December 12, 1894. . Mr. H. C. Barnes.

VII.—A review of chapter IX of Byerly's Differential Calculus. Development in Series.

January 9, 1895. . Mr. A. P. Laughlin.

VIII.—The trisection of the angle.

January 23, 1895. . Mr. A. S. Hardy.

IX.—Squaring the circle.

February 20, 1895. . Mr. F. A. Knight.

X.—History and solution of the cubic.

March 6, 1895. . . Mr. G. M. Jones.

XI.—Newton's idea of fluxions.

March 20, 1895. . . Miss G. D. Weston.

XII.—History and solution of the quartic.

April 10, 1895. . Mr. R. F. Massa.

XIII.—The effect of the proposed Chicago sewage canal on the level of Lake Erie.

April 24, 1895. . Mr. H. J. Haskell.

XIV.—Some trigonometric series.

May 8, 1895. . Miss M. J. Nelson

XV.--Pedal curves.

May 22, 1895. . . Mr. H. R. Hazel.

XVI.--Trochoids.

June 5, 1895. . . Mr. A. P. Laughlin.

Economic Seminar.

PROF. THOMAS N. CARVER.

Membership and Subjects of Investigation.

WINTER TERM, 1895.

G. W. Mooney,	1. "The Development of the Petroleum Industry in the United States." 2. "The Consumption of the Banana and its Possibilities as a Staple Article of Food."
S. D. CALLENDER,	"Canals and Canal Construction in Ohio."
E. C. PARTRIDGE,	"Farmers Organizations in Ohio."
C. A. BRAND,	"The Development of the Navigation of the Great Lakes."
J. F. Burke,	(1. "The Arbitration of Labor Troubles." (2. "Statistics of Birth, Marriage, Divorce, and Death."

SPRING TERM, 1895.

G. W. Mooney,	"Vital Statistics."
S. D. CALLENDER,	"Civil Service Reform."
J. F. BURKE,	"Dealings in Options and Futures."
G. F. WHITE,	"The Irrigation of Arid Lands in the United States."

Monroe Prize Papers.

SPRING TERM, 1894. INTERNATIONAL LAW.

1.	"The Advantages of the Division of Powers in the United States,"
2.	"The English Hereditary and the American Elective Systems Compared,"F. N. Spindler, '94.
	Mr. W. F. Walworth of Cleveland, Donor.
3.	
	Judge J. E. Ingersoll of Cleveland, Donor.
	FALL TERM, 1894. MODERN HISTORY.
Ι.	"The Influence of the Reformation on the Intellectual Progress of Europe,"Fred C. McClave, '95.
	Mr. J. R. Severance of Oberlin, Donor.
2.	and the same of th
	Mr. A. H. Johnson of Oberlin, Donor.
3.	"The Permanence of German Unification,"
0.	Dr. Dudley Allen of Clausters D. W. Smithkons, '95.
	Dr. Dudley Allen of Cleveland, Donor.
	WINTER TERM, 1895. Public Affairs.
. 1	"The Silver Question,"
	Hon. Kalph Plumb of Streator, Ills. Donor
2.	"The Labor Problem,"
	MI. C. C. CODD of Oberin Donor
3.	The National Banking System,"
	Mr. W. A. Mahony of Columbus, Donor. F. P. Phipps, '90.
	Tathony of Columbus, Donor.

Republican Club.

H. R. C. L. Convention at Grand Rapids.

DELEGATES.

L. B. Fauver, '96.

E. H. Fitch, Jr., '96.

Probibition Club.

OFFICERS.



Agazziz Chapter.

H. C.	TRACY.	President.
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R. F. WINDSOR, Secretary.

Members and Papers Presented—1894=95.

"The Birds of Washington,"	Nov. 18,
"Cervidae (deer) of North America,"	Feb. 6,
"Genera Arctomys and Cynomys,"	April 17,
"The Glacial Tilts of Ohio and Iowa,"	Dec. 2
"North American Shermophiles,"	Mar. 6, Lynds Jones.
"Geomyidae,"	May 15,
	Nov. 14,
"Genera Sciurus and Sciuropterus,"	Mar. 20,
"Porcupines and Mice,"	May I,
"Interpreting Nature,"	Oct. 31,
"North American Mammals,	Jan. 18,
"Beavers,"	May 29,
"The American Bison,"	Feb. 20, R. F. Windsor.
"Fresh-water Sponges,"	Oct. 20,
"Fossil Fishes,"	Oct. 20,
	,

Everett McDaniels, A. E. Ricksecker, A. C. Norris, Ned Tenney.

Botany Club.

REUBEN STRONG,	•	0		٠				٠		President.
MABEL C. WARNOCK,		•	٠		٠	6		•	•	Secretary.

Members and Papers presented—1894-95.

"A Review of the Ascent of Man,"	Oct. 10,
"Some Edible Mushrooms,"	
"Some Common Grasses,"	Oct. 10, A. C. Gulick.
	Nov. 7,
	Apr. 10, R. M. Strong.
Mabel Warnock. Isabelle Cummings,	H. C. Tracy, A. C. Norris, Mrs. Magoun.









PAPER AND S

Oct. 19—Reading, - - Prof. S. H. Clark Nov. 2—" The Stranger at Our Gates," J. DeWitt Miller Dec. 13-14—"The Messiah," - Musical Union Jan. 11—" Macbeth," - - Mr. Riddle Jan. 25—Oratorical Contest. Feb. 5—" Questions of the Day," -Pres. Harper Feb. 19—Foot-ball Entertainment. March 5—"The Underground Railway," Pres. Fairchild March 12—"Two Sides of a Shield," Mrs. Johnston March 22 and 25—Glee Club Concerts. April 1-" Aunt Hannah's Quilting Party." April 19-20—Gymnasium Exhibition. April 25- "The Bells," - -Robert Nourse May 10—" David Copperfield," -Leland Powers



Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1895.

At the College Chapel, 10:30 A. M.

	Program.
	me continue.
	INVOCATION.
	MUSIC.
"National Hymn,"	
	MANNERCHOR.
Address—A Year with the Rebels,	GEN. GILES W. SHURTLEFF.
	MUSIC.
"Huntsman's Farewell,"	GLEE CLUB
	Treading of Prize Odes.
"The Face of Washington," "Washington," "To Washington,"	H. C. TRACY, '98. F. P. WHITNEY, '98. W. L. DAWSON, O. T. S.
	MUSIC.
"The Star Spangled Banner,"	

At Peter's Ball, 6:30 P. M. - Annual Reception given to the Students by the Faculty.







TAPPAN WALK. COLLEGE CAMPUS.

The Ten O'clock Bell.

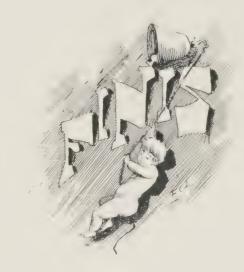
By SARA E. GIBSON, '97.

Prize Poem.

That moment 'twixt waking and sleeping, Which comes to us every night, Ere we yield to slumber's safe keeping, Is full of the sweetest delight. Most welcome those tones sweetly chiming, Which ring out this hour of delight, When fancy, our senses entwining, Presents these rare visions of night.

Behind lie the cares that did cumber,— Some failures, some victories, there,— Beyond lies the sweet land of slumber, With beckoning forms so fair.

Then changing in rapid succession,
Those visions, half truth and half dream,
Sweep past us in royal procession,
All hallowed by moonlight's fair gleam.



From Home.

It is gloamin', shadowy gloamin',
Way down here in ol' Pawnee;
An' a kind o' lonesome feelin'
Comes a creepin' over me.
An' I somehow keep a thinkin'
O' the days that are gone by,
When we laughed an' sang together,
Allus happy, you an' I.

I ain't cryin';—you know better,
Cryin's what I never do:
Maybe I wouldn't be so lonesome,
If I jus' could talk to you.
Jus' now I can hear the echo
O' some wild-bird's goodnight note,
An' a kind o' chokin' feelin'
Comes a risin' in my throat.

An' you, way out there at college,
Studyin' an' growin' wise,
Sometimes jus' a little homesick,
As the daylight slowly dies,
Don't forget, as twilight deepens,
An' the night grows dark an' drear,
That I'm feelin' sort o' lonesome
In the shadows way down here.



Before she went—
The skies were spread with deepest blue
The livelong day,
The flowers were touched with softest hue
Along her way;
The sunshine sifted warm and bright,

The songbirds quivered with delight,
I lived in days without a night,
Before she went.

After she went—
The skies were turned to leaden gray,
That once were fair,
The sweetest flowers drooped and died
In their despair;
The sunshine, too, brought only sting,
The little birds forgot to sing,
And my heart for her took swiftest wing,
After she went.

H Pressed Flower.

It is only a fragment of a flower;
Faded, discolored, old;
And I hardly remember the Maytime
It whispered a love untold.
Well, it's only a flower,
To tell of an hour,
That is faded, and past, and dead.
Each day brings alloy
Some sorrow or joy,
I have lovelier flowers instead.

It is only an echo of a heart,
Pulseless, forgotten, old;
It dimly brings to me sometimes
The voice of a love, grown cold.
It was only a heart
That suffered its part,
For a day—a year—I trow;
Each day brings its pain,
Its sunshine and rain;
I play with other hearts now.

The Sale of Indulgences.

A FARCE WITH A MORAL.

(Awarded First Prize.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRESIDENT BALLANTINE. OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY. BERT WINFIELD, TOM EDWARDS. ALICE DEHR.

JESSIE FAHRNAM,

Freshmen.

ACT L

SCENE I.—THE FACULTY ROOM.

PRESIDENT BALLANTINE—You see, ladies and gentle men, the deplorable state of the finances. I have used every means within my knowledge to induce the Alumni to produce the "wherewithal," in vain. In a few hopeful cases I have even recommended the administering of honorary degrees, but to no purpose. We have raised the tuition, cut down our own salaries, bade adieu to several of our number, and shut off the water from the Court of this Hall; but we are still falling behind. (Absent-mindedly.) Has any one a verse of scripture or some words of experience?

Prof. Anderegg—Why not raise corn and potatoes on the Campus?

PROF. KELSEY—In Montana, the most profitable crop is spring wheat.

PROF. MARTIN—The Academy is already overburdened with that product. I should rejoice to see some of the works of art turned into cash; for instance, the picture of Garfield, the frame of Polyphemus, or the Chapel Art Gallery.



Raising Corn and Potatoes on the Cambus.

Mrs. Johnston-It has always been the precedent of this College to carefully protect and treasure sacredly, all donations to its time-honored walls. (. Indience weeps.)

PROF. PECK—We might operate a theater, prof-

MRS. JOHNSTON—Not a girl shall attend a theater in Oberlin so long as I live!

PROF. KELSEY (approvingly.)—World without end, Amen.

Prof. King—Let us take a week to think it over. Perhaps if each one would provide himself with a blue pencil and write down his thoughts on this subject we might come to some definite conclusion.—[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

[A room on West College Street.—Bert Winfield, a Freshman, studying Bible. Enter Tom Edwards, also a Freshman.]

Tom-Hang it all! the old lady won't let us go.

BERT—Well, I knew she wouldn't. When you've been here a year you'll give up the idea of girls going sleigh-riding with boys.

Tom—But why in Chicago won't she let us? She let the Seniors.

BERT—Yes, '95! they're harmless. Here, have some pie. (Silence broken only by the squeaking of Tom's jaws.)

BERT (reading.)—"The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty." I must underline that in red, mark the important words in blue, and connect it in brown with, "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

Tom (eschewing a hairpin and a marble.)—All the same with the man who eats this pie. But, say, I hear the Faculty are hard up for rocks!

Bert—Yes, they are going to raise the tuition, fire the janitors, sell the library, and speculate with the proceeds.

Том (with a bewildered air.)—I've got an idea.

BERT-Let me take it down before it gets away! (After

a moment.) No, keep it quiet; I won't say anything and no one will ever suspect you of it.

Tom (earnestly.)—But I really have got a scheme to get the College out of debt, build a gym., and pay the Clark fund.

BERT—Well, what is it? Selling fans to the Finlanders?

Tom—No! I won't tell you now. I'll go see Prof. Martin. He'll do it, if anybody will. We'll go for the sleigh-ride yet. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE FACULTY ROOM.

PROF. MARTIN—I have a proposition, not original, but which a Freshman, Mr. Edwards, proposed to me, which seems to meet our difficulty as well as anything yet suggested. In brief, it is this: Sell permission to overstep the rules; the proceeds to go to the College funds.

PROF. Kelsey (with tragic accents.)—My life's blood shall stain these classic halls before—(Prof. Roe succeeds in averting this catastrophe by inserting a handkerchief into Prof. Kelsey's mouth.)

PROF. MARTIN—In the opportune absence of Mrs. Johnston, I beg leave to offer this schedule for your consideration. Hands a paper to Pres. Ballantine.)

PRESIDENT BALLANTINE, (reads.)

By joining clubs, young men can get slight reductions. Self-supporting students will be allowed ten per cent. discount.

All in favor of unanimously adopting this schedule and making it the rule of the College hereafter, will signify it by saying, aye.

Chorus—Aye!

Pres. Ballantine—All opposed, by the same sign. (Suppressed gurgles in the vicinity of Prof. Kelsey.)

Pres.Ballantine—It is a vote. The meeting is adjourned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

[The road between Elyria and Oberlin.—A sleigh load of Freshmen.]

Jessie Fahrman—Who would ever have dreamed of such a change in a week!

Tom—Yes, it is astonishing! I hear the College has already made up the deficit.

BERT—Prof. Anderegg said this morning, that if the 'indulgences' continued to sell at 73% of the present rate for 4.34 years and that sum put at 45% interest, with collateral security to the amount of \$200,000, the interest accruing therefrom in 16 years would be sufficient to purchase a piece of land in the form of an equilateral hyperbola whose asymptotes—

ALICE DEHR-Oh, do stop! you make my head ache.

BERT—It was too bad that Mrs. Johnston took it so hard. They say Baldwin will have to be refurnished throughout.

JESSIE—Yes, I was there yesterday and there isn't a whole chair in the house, and the broomsticks are so thick on the floor that—

ALICE—Now, don't exaggerate.

JESSIE--I'm not. But, alas! here we are at Talcott. We must hurry, too, or we will give the boys failures.

BERT (indifferently.)—Oh, don't mind about us.

ALICE—But I never could forgive myself if I thought I had been the cause of a boy's failures.

Tom (aside to Jessie.)—Shall we go skating to-morrow evening?

JESSIE—I should be delighted. Oh, there's the ten o'clock bell, you must hurry! (Exeunt Jessie and Alice. Bert and Tom hurry up West College Street.)

Both Together—Say, old man, lend me—

Tom—This is worse than a coach fund.

BERT—Yes, but better, too. Let's sell our wheels, buy no more pie, and make the most of our "indulgences." [Exeunt.]



Jflunk.

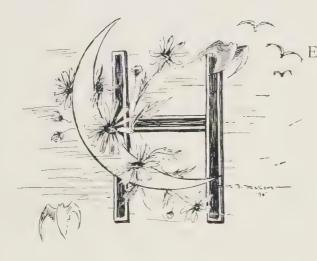
That College life is always A sweet, unbroken dream, Is all a vain delusion, If things are what they seem. To me no joyful message The Chapel chimes proclaim; They count the weary hours And dolefully declaim, Flunk, flunk, flunk! When through the dreary Campus The angry blasts arise, Each pine in woeful accents, That dreaded message sighs, Flunk, flunk, flunk! The songsters, once with voices, So cheerful, sweet and clear, Seem out of tune a trifle,

And now at me they jeer, Flunk, flunk, flunk! With heavy heart I enter The recitation room. And should the cards be shuffled. I wait to meet my doom, Flunk, flunk, flunk! While slowly drag the moments, The clock, with measured beats, In accents sad and plaintive, Continually repeats, Flunk, flunk. flunk! If life is bliss at College, When all things echo flunk, For fear my eyes are failing, I think I'll pack my trunk!

H Pastel—At the Organ.

BY ELSIE M. TADE, CONSERVATORY.

(Prize Story.)



E sat far up in the gallery at the great organ. The rows of shining pipes caught the light of the jets and sent back a shimmering, trembling radiance over the organist and into the darkened space beyond.

The work of rehearsal was almost over as she rose to sing. The score was before him, but he knew it by heart and looked into the glass instead. He saw her standing there in all her fair, gracious womanhood. Her rich cloak lay on the seat beside her. He could almost detect the faint perfume of violets. He knew that her eyes were blue as the depths of the summer sea, and her face, pure and sweet as a white flower.

She sang, and her voice, clear and sweet as the notes of a silver bell, floated to the farthest, dusky corner of the church, and the tones of the organ tenderly, caressingly followed.

* * * * * *

Still she sang, and he saw now in the glass above him, not the singer as she stood, but a little, fair-haired maiden with the same blue eyes and that same flower-like face. By her side stood two little lads. The taller and handsomer held out to her a deep, crimson rose-bud, just picked with all its dewy freshness upon it. The little maid shyly took it with a blush of pleasure.

The other lad, slight and pale, looked upon the dying wild flowers, held in his moist, warm hand. His lips quivered and, turning quickly, he threw away the wild flowers with a gesture of disdain, and with his face hidden in the soft, green grass he sobbed out all his childish anguish.

* * * * * * *

The last notes of the singer died away, and the last tones of the organ trembled into silence. A ripple of applause came from the little circle of listeners. Still he looked in the glass. She put up her white hand to tuck back a rebellious, little gold brown curl. He saw the blaze and flash of a diamond—once—twice.

* * * * * * *

The great church was empty save for the solitary figure at the organ. He did not look in the glass. His head was bowed. Once or twice a shudder shook him as a man is shaken by strong agony. The lights still flickered. The pipes still sent a radiance down into the darkness.

At last he placed one hand on the organ keys; then the other. They responded to his touch—at first unutterably sad and low and tremulous, with a wail like that of a lost soul. Then the harmonies grew intricate and rebellious—clashing, jarring, breaking over one another. Despair reigned in his soul and awful confusion. He played on. The very foundation of the organ seemed to shake—a few crashing, tumultuous chords; and then there arose a strain, sweet, solemn, grand, awful in its loveliness and desolation. It echoed and re-echoed through the church. And above it all rose that glad note of triumph and peace. A last few chords and the tones of the organ ceased.

He felt a touch on his shoulder. It was the janitor who gazed at him in a startled, respectful fashion. Mechanically the organist took up his overcoat and hat and passed down the stairs and out into the night. But on his face was a new light of resignation and infinite humility. In his heart was forgiveness and peace.





"I live for those who love me."

In maidenly confusion,
In poetical effusion
Confession must 1 make.

In a moment inadvertent—
Anyone the least observant
Knows there can be no mistake—

I was lost in fascination,
And in matchless adoration
Was my soul drawn out toward thee.

I was charmed in conversation Rapt was I in contemplation, Raptured – my objective me!

Tell me not 'tis idle dreaming,

Love's bright beams are o'er me streaming.—

Be mine own dear Valentine!

Music by RAY STETSON. Words by HARRY J. HASKELL.

Con expressione:

Margaret, Margaret, darlin',
Ain't I the blamedest old guy?

Yet I love you for all that, dear,
Can't you like me if you try?

Margaret, Margaret * ———,
What makes you laugh at my song?
Tho it is but an ole guy, dear,
'Tis one what loves you the day long!

Won't you, Oh, Margaret, darlin', Won't you, oh, won't you be mine? Take me, yes, take me, my dearest, Oh, make me your Valentine!

Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie her, To see hersel' as ithers see her! Then, to hersel' she'd be as dear, As now to me.

^{*} Expurgated by request of the author.

Thine
The valentine
Which I dare,
Lady fair,
Send to thee.

Years With their tears Can't erase Thy sweet face From my heart.

Time
Hath no chime
Sweet by half
As thy laugh
Is to me.

Nay, Nor one day Can it be That from thee I must part.

Go little rhyme of mine
And tell her what I think,
Tell her things far sweeter
Than I can put in ink.
Tell her that I love her,
And would know my fate.



I would,'
If I could,
Send a valentine to you.
But I can't,
So I shan't,
And I'll close, for I'm thro'.

H Chance Acquaintance.



"Who is that Madame J.?"

PART I.—QUICKLY MADE.

Scene: On the "Plug."

(Mrs. J., an elderly lady with snapping brown eyes, seated in the car. Enter Miss M., a fresh-looking young lady, who takes her seat beside Mrs. J.)

Miss M. (after a short silence.)—How far are you going?

Mrs. J.—Oberlin is my destination.

Miss M.—How jolly! That's where I am going. Now, I will know someone when I get there. I wonder if I will like it there. Do you think I will be homesick?

Mrs. J.—I presume not.

Miss M.—Well, you know, at home I knew everybody. And there were lots of nice boys and we used to have delicious good times. And, do you know, I promised Rob Terry I would write to him; but you see (pensively) that was before I knew Frank Severens would ask me. (A thoughtful pause.) And isn't it nice? Frank says he wants to come and see me, some Sunday. But dear me! They say that in Oberlin you can't look at a man on Sunday except while you are singing.

Mrs. J.—Is that so? I had not heard of that rule.

Miss M.—Yes, and worse than *that*—if you walk with a man that isn't going your way, you have an unexcused failure, that is unless you get permission from Madame J. Who is that Madame J. they talk so much about?

Mrs. J.—She is Mrs. Johnston, the principal of the Ladies' Department.

Miss M.—Do you know her? Is she so dreadfully smart?

Mrs. J.—Not nearly so smart as they sometimes think

Miss M.—Do you suppose I could get around her, you know—sometime—if—

Mrs. J. - Oh, yes! if you try hard enough.

Miss M.—Just see that young man who came in the door just then! Isn't he handsome? Are there any nice boys in Oberlin?

Mrs. J.—The girls think there are.

Miss M.—And do you suppose I will have a great deal of company?

Mrs. J.—That depends somewhat upon yourself.

BRAKEMAN—The next station at which this train stops is O-ber-lin.

Miss M.—Oh! we are almost there. Where would you go first? I suppose to the office, to get that terrible interview over as soon as possible.

Mrs J.—Yes, go to Talcott Hall first and arrange about your boarding place.

Miss M.—Oh, I know already where I am going to board—at Mrs. R. s. and I don't intend to say anything about it to Mrs. Johnston. Besides I *must* go to my room first and curl my hair before I see her majesty. You know first impressions go such a long way. I will see her sometime to-morrow.

Mrs. J. - However, I advise you to go to the office and let her know that you have come. Turns to leave.)

Miss M.—Good-bye! I wish you would come and see me. You know I am going to be at Mrs. R.'s. (to herself.) Shall I go to the office? I don't believe she knows very much about it. (Entering the depot behind Mrs. J.) Oh! gracious! What did that young man call her? Mrs. Johnston? Horrors alive!! One chance in a hundred -but, goodness gracious!! what if she were—

PART II.—NOT RENEWED.

Scene: Joining day. Mrs. Johnston's office in the Chapel.

(Enter Miss M. and Miss P., her roommate.)

Miss M.—Over at the desk by the window?

Miss P.—Yes. With gray hair.

Miss M.—She's the very onc. (A pause.) I tell you what, if she recognizes me as that silly little goose who sat beside her yesterday, I'm bound for home on the next train.

Miss P.—But, of course, she will remember you.

Miss M.—I suppose she will, and give me a lecture that I won't soon forget. Say, do you *really* think she will know me? This hat and cloak make me look different. And besides my own mother wouldn't know me with these confounded eye-glasses.

Miss P.—Remember, you don't have to say anything; just hand her the card and she will sign it.

Miss M.—Now I am in for it. (Goes to the desk and awaits her turn.)

Mrs. J. (with but a single upward glance.)—Your middle name?

Miss M. (huskily, in a low key.)-Lucy.

Mrs. J.—Where do you board?

Miss M.—At Mrs. R.'s.

Mrs. J. (handing her the card.)—Go to Dr. Hanna for your gymnasium hours.

Miss M. (sighs.)—It's over. She didn't know me.

LATER.

Miss M. (meditating.)—I wonder it she did know me after all?



"YOUR MIDDLE NAM!

Phantasies.

BY ELSIE M. TADE, CONSERVATORY.

(Awarded Second Place.)

I thought the sunbeams glinted fair;
All flower-scented throbbed the air;
And birds rang out their merry tune,
For all aglow was glorious June.
But no; the snow falls thick and fast,
And fierce and icy blows the blast,
And I am only dreaming.

I thought that you were with me, Sweet.
This grand old earth moved on complete;
We were so happy, you and I;
What matter if the world went by?
But in the kirk-yard now you rest,
Your quiet hands upon your breast;
And, oh, I'm only dreaming.

"Ah, will peace never come again?"
My heart cries out with maddening pain;
And then I live those happier years,
And I sadly smile through a mist of tears;
You are waiting for me beyond the blue;
And I long, oh, I long to be with you,
And then I shall cease my dreaming.



STURGES HALL.







Where man communes with nature. To-day I pensive strolled, Through you prime val forest. Whose many giants bold Have ceased their winter's slumber. Because they could not rest When sunbeams' gentle kisses Upon their eyelids pressed. And on I wandered, lonely, To hear about the spring, As told by brooks that murmur, And birds that gayly sing; Until like distant music. There came, in softest strains. The melodies, the sweetest Of memory's refrains: How oft, to please your fancies These woods I searched for miles. To make of rarest flowers Bouquets of nature's smiles. Tho brightest hopes have blighted, In memory to-day Of smiles and deeds of kindness, I pluck thee this bouquet. You sometimes spoke by smiling, When smiles would best confess

The thoughts and deep emotions. That words cannot express. The face is but a mirror. And thoughts we think concealed Within the soul's recesses, Are openly revealed. And smiles are gentle sunbeams, Reflected from the heart. That scatter gloomy shadows, And cheerfulness impart. These flowers I have gathered Will smile but for to-day: They'll droop their heads to-morrow, To wilt and fade away. But smiles are rarest flowers. With hues that never fade: In fancy's reproductions Their tints are brighter made. Yes! smiles are sweetest flowers. And from their fragrance rare There come refreshing perfumes, That half our burdens bear. And they who strew these flowers, The world to cheer and bless, Will find in this the secret Of truest happiness.

Classmates.

BY SUSAN LORD CURRIER, '95.

[Awarded Second Place.]



A MERRY-MAKing was going
on in the big front
room up stairs. The
young women at Mrs.
Burton's boarding
house were of an artistic turn, and showed
this tendency of their
natures by designing
fanciful gowns for

"Rose Lacey was pouring cocoa for her friends." their Saturday evening revels. Two little Quakeresses had been singing minstrel songs to the accompaniment of a banjo, and now Rose Lacey, in colonial costume, was pouring cocoa for her friends. Mary Lane, Rose's roommate, was also in colonial costume and moved among the guests helping them to the contents of her latest box from home.

"Rose, Rose, what is it you know about the new boarder?" came in a chorus of gay voices. "Mary says there's something, but she won't tell what."

Rose lifted the sugar tongs in one hand. "I ought to know him a little. This is the fourth year we have been classmates." Every one was listening so intently that the soft gurgling sound of the sugar sinking into the cocoa could be heard.

A black-robed nun, bending over her beads, forgot to be devotional. "Tell us what made you blush so, Rose, that first day when he came in to dinner?" sounded in most un-nunlike eagerness from under the heavy veil.

"And why do you avoid him?" several voices asked.

Rose looked helplessly around at her questioners. "Well, if you must know, you must, I suppose. But first let me help you to some cocoa, Pocahontas. I shan't be able to pour cocoa and tell of Carl Saunders at the same time."

The girls delightedly settled themselves for a story. Rose closed her eyes a second, presumably to collect her thoughts, and then began. "I knew Mr. Saunders in his Freshman days, when he did not wear gloves to Chapel, and when his coats were shiny, and he had a blue look in cold weather, because he had no overcoat. That was before his uncle died and left him the money. But he was a pleasant, likeable boy then, with so much 'verve,' as Mr. Simons used to say in German class, and no proud disdainful airs as he has now.—Mary shakes her head; she never will see any imperfections in Mr. Saunders."

Mary Lane's sensitive face turned crimson to find herself the object of attention. "And Rose will never see any good in the Mr. Saunders of the present. But don't let me interrupt."

"That's the only point that Mary and I can't agree on —To return to my hero. Mr. Saunders had a letter of introduction from some girl cousins of his who were always raving over his looks. Naturally I was curious to meet such a paragon of manly excellence as their description made him out to be. Well, we met one evening, when I boarded on West College street. He called frequently, took me to several things that term, the Thanksgiving party among others. I don't mind telling you that I thought him an ideal college boy in those days, but a great change was to take place."



Have you some pins to loan me?

"He was very fond of skating. He was always telling me the most fascinating stories about long skating trips at his Canadian home, of the river and the boys and girls. I decided to learn.

"One morning, when I thought no one was stirring, I slipped down to Gayter's with a new pair of skates. I started out bravely with a chair, when who should appear but Carl Saunders. He would teach me, he said. We went around once, I clutched

him all the time in the most death-like grip.

"While I rested, he said, 'Now watch me, Miss Lacey, and see how it's done!" Perhaps I had tired him all out, or perhaps he hadn't skated for a long time, at any rate he fell flat. He didn't move. I said, 'O, Mr. Saunders, are you hurt?" Still he didn't move. I would have gone to him if I had been able.

"I was about to take off my skates, when he scrambled to his feet. 'Have you some pins to loan me? I—I have had an accident.'

"He had torn his trousers' leg from the knee down. It flapped in the wind. I took all the gold stick pins I had in my belt and collar and gave him. The last I saw of him that morning he was climbing over a back fence, headed for home.

"The next day in rhetoric class I made all the girls laugh at something—I don't know what it was now, but he thought we were all laughing at him. I did tell Katy Lee at the time; she told her brother and he told Saunders the

most nonsensical stuff about hearing that it had taken a whole paper of pins and all the jewelry in college to get him home. The boys called him 'Skating Master.' He never could bear me from that day to this, and I haven't been able to bear him either. For a little while I was sorry that the story had got out, and then he became so proud and looked at me with such a patronizing glance when he had made a good recitation and I hadn't, that I was glad of it.''

"O, Rose, you are just pretending all that. Every one knows that Mr. Saunders isn't patronizing a bit." It was Nellie Ames, in nun's apparel, who spoke. Her friends smiled indulgently; they all knew she was partial to handsome Mr. Saunders.

Rose Lacey's eyes flashed. "Don't accuse me of being insincere. It's bad enough to pretend to like anyone, but it would be much worse to pretend to dislike any one."

Nellie Ames was startled by the intense feeling in Rose's voice, and the latter noticing this, made her voice calm again and said playfully, "Haven't I cause to hate him? He never returned one of my stick pins."

When the Chapel clock had struck nine and the guests were all gone to their own rooms, Mary said, in her soft, hesitating voice, "Isn't it a little too bad to even remember that a man like Mr. Saunders was ever in a ridiculous position?" and then frightened at having said anything that might seem like a reproof to her beautiful roommate, she added, "but of course, Rose, dear, you can't help feeling as you do."

"I am sorry if I hurt you, Mary, by speaking so of your friend, but fruit cake and cocoa sometimes intoxicate me."

The boarders at Mrs. Burton's had enough to amuse them during the days that followed in watching Miss Lacey's studied avoidance of Mr. Saunders. She was never rude, only very careful never to willingly enter his presence. The evenings that he stayed in the parlors she had lessons up stairs that required her immediate attention.

Once when Mr. Saunders had unexpectedly entered the parlor, and a little later Miss Lacey had quietly withdrawn from the room, pleading a headache, Nellie Ames turned to Mr. Saunders and said, with a meaning smile, "I hope you enjoy boarding at Mrs. Burton's."

He looked at her with his clear eyes—"I do, very much, indeed." If he resented Miss Lacey's treatment, or if he returned her dislike, no one was able to tell from his manner.

Wednesday was drawing day at Mrs. Burton's. When dinner was over the waiters passed around bits of paste board, with numbers, dealing out happiness to some and occasionally misery to a few when adjoining seats were assigned to uncongenial people. Rose Lacey dreaded every drawing day, fearing the possibility of having to sit next Mr. Saunders for a week. He had been there a month when the expected calamity occurred.

"I cannot sit beside him. I should go crazy before the week ended," Rose panted in her room. "You don't know what it is for two people to clash, Mary. I hate him, I never said that word before, but I hate him, and I won't sit beside him. He thinks I am a spoiled child because I don't conceal my feelings as he does."

That evening when Mr. Saunders came in late to supper, he found Mary Lane on one side of him and Nellie Ames on the other, while Rose Lacey, radiant and smiling, sat at the opposite end of the table. If Mr. Saunders felt any surprise, he did not show it.

Mary, wanting to be kind, whispered: "Miss Lacey was afraid the light would hurt her eyes here, and asked me to change places,"

Thanksgiving was approaching. Great preparations were being made for the class parties, and most of all for the Senior party. When theology class met and all the seniors were together, little notes passed from girl to girl, asking,

"Have you got your invitation yet?", and among the boys the class list was industriously circulated.



"The class list was industriously circulated."

Rose Lacey declared she was growing thin with suspense and hope deferred. "Yesterday I thought it was Mr. Miles, when he asked to carry my books, and this morning I thought it was Willis Evans, when he ran to overtake me in the Campus. I expected every moment he would ask me to go to the party, but he only talked about the last test. I am sure it's Willis Evans, tho, for he looked at me all through geology with such an air of ownership. If only he were three feet taller and wasn't so bashful. To think of my pink silk, and only Willis to admire it."

"There will be plenty to admire besides Willis; but I don't see how he will ever get up the courage to ask you," said Mary.

They were talking one day at dinner about class loyalty, and Miss Lacey, with warm enthusiasm, had said there couldn't be too much of it; that four years of companionship in study laid people under obligations to each other.

'Just how loyal are you, Miss Lacey?" asked Mr. Jones, who had all a freshman's zeal in pursuing knowledge. "Would you go to a class party with a stupid, disagreeable man just because he was your classmate?"

"Yes, if he asked me; but I'd take care to be so dis-

agreeable myself that he wouldn't ask me."

That evening as Rose Lacey was walking home alone from Chapel, quick steps sounded behind her, and Mr. Saunders took his place at her side.

Before she had time to speak, he was saying, "What you said this noon gives me courage, that you would go to a class party with a stupid, disagreeable classmate—"

"But that cannot possibly apply to you, since you are neither stupid nor disagreeable," and Miss Lacey stepped

quickly forward, as tho to leave him.

He merely quickened his footsteps. "I gathered from your words that you would go with any classmate, however unworthy he might be of the honor. I dared hope that you would go with me. Was I mistaken?"

Not a trace of the struggle going on in Rose's mind escaped Mr. Saunders. "Since you are my class-mate and ask. I will go," was her ungracious answer, and then they

were both glad when Nellie Ames joined them.

"I thought he would ask you, Mary; all the girls thought so. He just wanted to be cruel," Rose said, when they had gone to their room for the evening.

"I don't think he wanted to be cruel," said Mary, quietly. "I am sure he feels this misunderstanding be-

tween you has gone far enough."

"You would never think anyone was cruel. I know

he is gloating over his triumph."

That night, long after they had gone to bed, Rose whispered: "Mary, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"I shall go with him and wear his flowers, if he sends me any, and act just as tho we had been good friends always, and then when I say good-night I will tell him that he is cruel and that I hate him."

"If you hate him when the time comes tell him so."

Mary went to the party with Willis Evans. She was too absorbed in watching Rose and Saunders to notice that her companion's thoughts came in disjointed bits. Surely Rose had never been half so beautiful, and Mr. Saunders had never looked more noble. Rose flashed her gay remarks around equally on all sides; Mr. Saunders did not talk much, but followed her every movement with attentive gaze.

They were all four standing together for a few moments. Mr. Evans had blossomed into brilliancy in speaking of his favorite flower. Mary saw the amused look in Rose's eyes and desperately struggled to find something to say. "Roses must be your favorite flower, Mr. Saunders?" and then conscious that she was making a dreadful blunder, she went on, "At least I should judge so since you had one pressed between the leaves of that book you loaned me. But perhaps there was some sentiment attached to it apart from its being a rose." Poor Mary was miserable.

"I think that was something my sister pressed. But you are right in guessing my favorite flower. I have a withered rose that I prize more than anything else. A very dear friend gave it to me my first Thanksgiving in College."

Rose and Mr. Saunders melted away again in the crowd. Mr. Evans had the feeling that something had happened, he hardly knew what. Mary felt alone in the gay scene and suddenly sick of the pretty gowns and bright faces, but Rose's eyes were shining with a new happiness and in her heart there was no trace of bitterness.

Iballowe'en IRbymes.



Dearest, what are you doing to-night?
Climbing the cellar stair,
Holding a mirror, with backward glance,
Combing your billowy hair?
Do you remember a year ago—
We were together, dear—
How we joked and laughed, with the lights turned low?
And now, you are there—and I here!
Have you forgotten the chestnuts, dear?
How they told me my heart's desire,

They say spirits appear, dear, on Hallowe'en; I'll look well in my glass, some one might be seen. They say spirits can talk, dear; I'll listen well. I might hear a loved voice, dearest, who can tell? They say spirits can walk, dear; I hope 'tis true.

HE.

As I named them soberly—one for you,
(The one that was nearest the fire.)
And then, how you tried the apple seeds:
"He loves me; he loves me not."
Ah! dearest, he loves you and always will,
Tho apple seeds be forgot!
My sweetheart, you do not need to see
A face in the mirror glow;
If it were possible, if it could be,
I should be at your side, you know.

SHE.

Who knows, then, but to-night I may walk with you! It's all just a great hoax, dearest—it must be; I know, if it were not, you would come to me! I'll just go to sleep, now dear, and if it's true, You'll see me in your dreams, dear, as I see you.



A Thought.

SEND you a thought, my dear, Just at the close of day, When the sun is slowly sinking, And the shadows are soft and gray.

I send you a thought, my dear, Like a thistle-down it speeds. It is freighted well with wishes fair For to-morrow and its needs.

I send you a thought, my dear, It speeds o'er vale and lea, And when it has finished its message, Waft it again to me.

fragments.

I once had a flower,
It was pure and bright
As a drop of dew in the morning light,
But it faded and drooped from its beauty fair,
And its fragrance passed like a breath of air.

I once had a pearl, It was pure and white, As the shimmering frost in the pale moonlight; But once it fell into the deep blue sea, And since then my pearl has been lost to me.

I once had a friend, She seemed sweet and fair As the lily summer air, But the pearl of friendship is lost to me, It has fallen away into life's deep sea.

The Postman.

Now, Love's a little postman And trots his wares around, A note for every maiden, Who lives within the town!



CAMP ANNIE R., IKAMIUT, SERMILIK FJORD, L GREENLAND, AUG. 17, 1894.

To the Editor of the Annual:

Dear Friend—Now that the other fellows are all bagged for the night, there is room enough in our tent for me to rig up a table and write to you concerning our physical and mental welfare. My surroundings are very inspiring. Along one side of the tent is a row of six sleeping bags, some of which are so close fitting that the persons incarcerated in them might be mistaken for a collection of Egyptian mummies, were it not for the snoring in different keys which comes from each bag.

It is just a week since we pitched camp in the suburbs of the city of Ikamiut, which consists of three huts, two of which are quite near our camp, while the

third is about a half-mile away. We arrived here between ten and eleven in the evening, and were assisted by all the girls of the town in carrying our provisions and blankets back from the Fjord to a level place where we could pitch camp. How those girls did talk to us, wink at us, laugh at us, compliment us, and pat our backs. Not to flirt with them was an impossibility, for they are "pretty smooth." Grease is likely to have that tendency. The fact is the Eskimo are the jolliest, sauciest, greasiest, best hearted people in the world.

It rained so much the first few days of our stay here that there was nothing to do but eat, sleep and try in vain to keep dry. You ought to have seen me acting the part of K. M., frying griddle cakes for the crowd over our oil stove. Since an oil stove does not cook very fast, and cakes do not last very long, I fried cakes all day and found the party just as hungry at night as they were in the morning, although they had done nothing but eat. The bottom of our tent gets so wet that the water oozes up through the moss covered floor every time you take a step, and at night soaks into our sleeping bags. This made one of our party from Pittsburg, a man well advanced in years, remark that when he was at home, if he got one foot wet his wife would have him in bed with a mustard plaster and two or three hot water bags, and the next day he would be sick. But here he was soaking his feet in cold water all night, and yet he never was in better health.

During these rainy days the Eskimos spent most of their time dancing and singing out in front of our tent. Whenever any of us, especially the Professor, come out eating anything, the Eskimos immediately surround us saying "Pesook, smallie tobak; pesook, smallie tobak." If it happens to be the Professor, he draws from his pocket a long bar of "Ta ra-ra-boom" tobacco, cuts it up and distributes small "chews" to the natives, who bless him with "Goot, goot; very goot." I really am afraid that the trustees of Oberlin will ask him to resign if they learn this, so don't tell them about it.

One of these rainy afternoons, we were sitting around the lone oil stove making remarks about the weather, when the Professor proposed to teach us a song. He sang the solo and chorus through two or three times, and finally requested us all to join in the chorus, which we did, striking in on seven different keys. I might say to our credit that in this chorus work the attack was very firm, but the indescribable harmony repulsed it, leaving the Professor as the only survivor to finish the piece; but after three hours

work we had all mastered it, so that at the proper time all would come in and sing:

"I've heard from Heaven to-day, I've heard from Heaven to-day: I thank the Lord, and I thank you, too, I've heard from Heaven to-day."

It was with songs like this that we kept the mental and spiritual man alive.

I must not forget to tell you about Sammie's and my beards. You may think that I am exaggerating, but I am not; we had one apiece. One of the fellows likened mine to a base ball nine, but quickly added that he could not find quite all the players. I got over this slight, however, only to have my pride wounded more deeply by an Eskimo girl. My companion jokingly asked the belle of the town: "Do you want to be Fred's kuna? (wife)" She flattered me by answering without hesitation, "H'm," and nodded her head. The fellow then pulled my whiskers and said to her, "Good!" She began to laugh, then stopped, shrugged her shoulders and ejaculated: "Ugh! no goot, no goot; smallie, smallie; no goot; ugh!" Such is life; no two people look at the same thing in exactly the same light. What is beautiful and important to one is ugly and unimportant to another.

After all these days of cloud and storm we have had three days of sunshine. All summer has been spent in getting ready for these three days. The first pleasant day we went out over the mountains and took some pictures. It was on this excursion that I had my first toboggan slide of the season. I fell a little behind the party, and decided to gain time by sliding down a long steep snow bank. In one hand I carried my camera, while in the other I had my alpine ax, with which I expected to regulate my speed. The first part of the slide was very pleasant, but, as all backsliders have found, after one reaches a certain place one loses control of himself. My camera, which I always carried very carefully, trailed along behind

me. I ceased to soliloquize on the beautiful landscape, which was rapidly passing to the rear. I began to think about my sins, but before I had more than started on this line of thought, suddenly I found myself seated on a large, hard boulder. After a careful examination I found that I was perfectly whole, but not so with my camera and trousers. The former had lost its ground glass and the latter reminded one of

Oliver Wendell Holmes' long-lost breeches, after the imps had worn them.

Yesterday and to-day I have spent in a totally new world; it seems like a dream. Never, when I used to read the Arabian Nights, did my wildest flights of imagination conceive of any scenes so strange, so entrancing, as those among which I have been living these three days. Think of rowing up a fjord four miles wide, with a large glacier at one end, and on each side mountains rising from three to four thousand feet right up from the waters edge, their sharp snow-capped peaks standing out in fine contrast with the deep blue sky. Thousands of birds fly around you, or preening their feathers, sit quietly on the water,

which in some places is so smooth that all the grandeur of the mountains above is reflected in it. One's

thoughts rise above the power of expression.

From this little collection of incidents you may think that our time was full of happy experiences, but you must remember that "between acts" there were long hours spent sitting silent and glum, soaking our feet in cold water and wishing that it was time for the next meal. There are many discomforts connected with camp life in Greenland, but one day of sunshine is worth two months travel, two shipwrecks, and one week of camping in the rain. Of course, that is if we get home alive; and if we do not—well,

Good bye.

FRED B. WRIGHT.



P. S.—Scene on the whaler coming home. The Professor, rushing up from below, gazes long and longingly over the side rail. Chorus of comrades sing, "I've heard from Heaven to-day!" Sympathetically to the Professor: "Have you heard from Heaven, to-day?"



Lullaby.

HO! I would launch for slumber land. But my craft is fast in clinging sand. The lullaby waves they sway and reel, But cumbering sands surround the keel; I rock and ride in the drowsy tide, But I may not launch for shadow side.

Old Morpheus stands on the twilight strand. Oh, Morpheus! send to your poppy land, Waft me, from there, a somuolent gale, And I'll lift aloft my slumber sail And go adrift on the purple deep, The calm, mysterious sea of sleep.

But whose are the phantom ships that ride, On the slumber ocean, still and wide, That dip and answer and fade and greet, When the air, with balm of dreams, is sweet? With waning night and the turning tide, Do they reach the far, or hither side?

Oh, wooing billows of lullaby,
Bear me far,—to the edge of the sky;
Lull me away to the isle of dreams.
Where nothing is, yet everything seems.
Bring me not back to the shores of day,
Till stars are pale and the dawn is gray!

C. M. J., '91.

Contrast.

Raising Cane.—A farce.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLEMAGNE,
BARCLATIUS,
EGLISE,

JACK CONSERVE......Friend of Charlemagne.

DOROTHY,
Juniors.

Other Loyal Juniors.

SCENE—OBERLIN.

ACT I.

Scene I.—First Church, Sunday evening. Clatonia, Dorothy and other girls sitting in rear of church, Charlemagne and Barclatius in front.

DOROTHY [reflecting]—The minister says we should try to be good. I most believe I'll do it. My, won't the people be surprised, tho! 'Twouldn't be so very hard, either! But I'd have to be on time to meals; I'd have to stop making puns and playing jokes on people. (Oh, that would be hard to keep!) I couldn't borrow things from my friends without getting permission. Anything else?

l'Astor—Let us pray.

CLATONIA.

[As Dorothy bows head she catches a zlimpse of Charlemagne's Senior cane.]

DOROTHY [continuing]—Oh, the precious thing! How I would like to touch it just once, really hold it in my hand. I can't ask him now; but I don't believe he would care.

[Siezes cane and quickly conceals it under cape. People rise to go.]

CHAR.—Great Gods! where is my cane?

DOROTHY—Come girls, what are you waiting for?

CHAR. [suspiciously]—Dorothy, I thought you always stayed to listen to the music.

DOROTHY—Not when my letter home depends upon it. [C. attempts to put hand under her cape.] Why, what are you doing? You can't go home with me. This is Sunday night. Very sorry

[Pass rsby look dismayed. Charlemagne drops to rear.]
DOROTHY—Come, Clatonia; where are you? Do hurry.
CLA.—Coming. This jam is too thick for me.
[Exeunt, followed closely by Bar and Char.]

Scene II.—A room on S. Professor street. Charlemagne and Barclatius.

CHAR.—I say, Barclatius, why don't you put into practice some of that philosophy you are eternally studying and help me plan for the recovery of my lost possession?

BAR.—Oh, what's the use? They'll soon get tired of it and bring it back.

CHAR.—Where's your patriotism, man? I tell you, as Seniors of this College, such lawlessness must not pass unheeded by us. It would encourage woman's rights, and that we must fight to our expiring breath.

BAR.—I suppose you refer to next June.

CHAR.—Well, seriously, can't you evolve something out of your cerebellum?

BAR —Impossible! Haven't had a belligerent thought for—let me see—two—

CHAR—Now, look here, Barclatius, if you don't stop your sentimental stuff and talk to the point, I'll lock you up in this closet. I can do it, as you would know if you had seen me with my foot ball suit on. Now, think. Can't we get something or other from them that they can't do without? Might get Clatonia's ring. Think she'd care? Or, hasn't she got one? [Looks in glass.] Cæsar's ghost! How thin I'm getting under this terrible strain!

BAR. [meditatively]—Well, I don't see as there's anything to take from girls unless its clothes or something—

CHAR.—Why, that's a gem of a thought! Couldn't have been better! And Washington's birthday comes soon now. If we could only get hold of their party dresses it would be just the thing.

BAR. [who expects to accompany Clatonia to the reception]
—Do you think so?

CHAR.—Why, certainly. Don't you see they'd give back the cane in a jiffy, rather than miss the reception?

BAR. [still skeptical]—They might wear their Sunday clothes.

CHAR.—Take those, too, then.

BAR.—Well, I shan't help take Clatonia's clothes.

CHAR.—All right. You go to Talcott and I'll manage hers. During society will be a good time.

BAR. - Dorothy does not attend this term.

CHAR.—Well, Clatonia does. I will see that some one calls on Dorothy.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Talcott Court. Evening. Barclatius, Charlemagne, Eglise.

BAR.—That was Charlemagne's whistle. Listen! [Enter Charlemagne.]

CHAR.—Is all well?

BAR.—Yes, for we've done nothing yet. How have you prospered?

CHAR.—Nothing could go better. Millie got everything, even to her books and her last summer's hat, and has stored them safely away from mortal sight. Does Dorothy keep her door locked?

EGLISE—Yes; but I have the duplicate key, and Polly got Hamilton's pass key for me, under pretence of being locked out of her room.

CHAR.—Is there any danger of being discovered?

EGLISE—None, whatever. Twenty or thirty people are having a party in the basement, and I warned them all not to betray our presence. I have been up twice, and now am going to get the things. [Exit.]

Scene II.—Talcott Hall. Time, same as last. Dorothy, Jack Conserve, Junior.

DOROTHY—Good evening, Mr. Conserve. I am happy to see you. [Aside, as they look for chairs.] Whatever can he be calling on me for? I have only seen him once and that was on the ice. [Aloud.] Every place seems to be taken except this one at the foot of the stairs; but this is nice.

JACK—Aren't you afraid of a draft from that door?

DOROTHY—Not at all. It opens into Hamilton's room.

JACK—Did you observe the beautiful sunset this evening?

Junior [appearing at top of basement stairs]—I say, Dorothy, guard your cane. Seniors are on the war-path.

DOROTHY [waving key]—It's all right. They'll have to unlock the door before they get in. [Exit Junior.] [Turning suddenly.] Are you a spy?

JACK—No, indeed! I despise spies. They are always hung, and I long ago resolved never to be one.

Dorothy—Yes; but—

JACK [desperately resolved to change the subject]—Did I ever tell you my concert experience; when four of us fellows hadn't money enough to take us home?

DOROTHY—No. How interesting that sounds. Do tell me about it. [Aside.] I wonder how long before seven.

JACK-You see we had a quartette-

JUNIOR [appearing]—Dorothy, Eglise has gone up stairs. [Exit.]

DOROTHY-Oh! Mr. Conserve, please-

JACK—As I was saying, we started off one cloudless summer morning, four happy, light-hearted youths.

DOROTHY [aside]—I wonder how many days they were gone. Oh, can I never get away!

JACK—We gave our first concert—

DOROTHY [desperately]—And you got through with it all right? Oh, I am so glad. Please excuse me. I will be back soon. [Exit.]

JACK—I don't see what more I could have done. I wonder if she will ever speak to me again after she finds out.

DOROTHY [returning]—What do you think? I caught her!

JACK--Who?

DOROTHY—Eglise. She forgot to shut the door after her, so I knew she was there.

JACK—How terrible! What was she doing? Hiding some candy in your room for a surprise, I know.

DOROTHY—Well, hardly! I struck a match, and not finding her, I pulled back the closet curtain and there she stood just inside, with her arms full of my dresses.

JACK--Dresses?

DOROTHY—Yes; and when I ordered her out she just dropped them and ran.

JACK-Horrible!

DOROTHY—And she left a shawl behind her, too. There is a junior on guard now.

JACK-There comes Mrs. Lord. I must go.

DOROTHY--Do not hurry. We always sit still a minute or two after she says "Good night, my dears."

JACK—I—really—I promised to meet a friend at seven sharp. I have enjoyed my call very much.

DOROTHY [smiling wickedly]—I am very glad. Do come again. [Exit.]

JACK [as he takes his hat]—Not in the role of an accomplice next time, thank you. [Exit.]

ACT III.

Scene I.—Charlemagne's room, nearly a week later.
Charlemagne and Barclatius.

BAR.—I say, something must be done.

CHAR.—It isn't our place to offer a treaty.

BAR.—But you know they won't, and, besides, it is Clatonia who suffers by it, and she is not the guilty one.

CHAR. She shouldn't have been in bad company. If she isn't in sympathy with Dorothy, why doesn't she make her give up the cane?

BAR.—On the contrary, she will not let her. Dorothy has divided her possessions and they say that they can stand it the rest of the year; here it is February.

CHAR.—Get along the rest of the year, indeed! I think I see Clatonia with one of Dorothy's dresses on. 'Twould fit her like a bird in a cage. They can never make it.

BAR.—Well, they say they can, and worse yet, Clatonia will not go to the party with me. Says she has no dress, and would be ashamed to go with me if she had. I tell you, something must be done.

CHAR. [thoughtfully]—Well, we'll see about it. I suppose we'll have to give the things back, but not without a promise of the cane. [Facetiously] I say, Barclatius, suppose she should go to the court for redress?

BAR.—She would undoubtedly find it fully clothed with power to grant it.

Scene II .- Dorothy's room. Dorothy, Clatonia.

DOROTHY - Did you get the box?

CLA.—Yes; just the right size, too.

DOROTHY—Now, we must work, for we promised to send it back in a week, and the time is up this evening.

CLA.—What goes first? This cotton?

DOROTHY—Yes; you put it on and I'll wind the cord. [They pad the cane with several layers of cotton and paper.]

CLA.—How that Chapel bell does sound. What else?

DOROTHY—This white tissue paper for a skirt, and then we'll draw the face.

CLA.—There, that is right.

Dorothy—This blue paper, fringed, will do for a hood, and my old yellow lamp shade, put on in ruffles, will make a good dress.

CLA.—I am going to put in a note to this effect: "I want my papa." [They lay it tenderly in box, which is decorated with white tissue paper fringe, and with difficulty nail down cover.]

DOROTHY—How glad I am it's done. I could hardly sleep nights; I was so afraid the mice would nibble it. Now I'll get a Junior to deliver it after the musicale is over downstairs this evening.

Scene III.



"DADDY'S LI'L BABY BOY!"

Genesis.

(Treasurer's Office.)

\$13, please.

Oh! I thought it was \$12.50. The catalog says so.

No. \$12.50 next term. \$13 this term.

Well, you will have to wait until I can go back to my room and get half a dollar.

Half an hour later—Here is the other 50 cents. Do I get my cards here? Where do I go now?

Get a registration card of the man at the door; you will find all the necessary directions on the back. (Goes away, leaving his receipt lying on the counter.)

Fifteen minutes later—I gave you \$13 and you didn't give me any receipt, and that man over there in the registration office, with a beard and a manner like a peck of prickly pears says I can't get my cards without it. (Receives it and goes off comparatively happy.)

Registration Office—Here's my receipt, my classification card and my schedule, and now I want

my cards.

But this is not right; you have more hours than you are allowed; you will have to see the registrar about this. And then your classification card places you a Freshman; but you have Modern History and Classical Archæology on your schedule. You will have to secure the signature of the Professor of Modern History and I suppose I will have to make

my mark after the Archæology. (Aside.) I'll fool these people who elect that for a snap if I have to quit riding my wheel and sit up nights to do it.

Room 25, Peters Hall—Will you please sign

this, Professor?

Your face is familiar, but—what class are you in?

Freshman—But I hope to make Junior next year, and my required studies will be so arranged then that I cannot take any of your courses.

Do you think you could do the work? There will be considerable outside reading and some pa-

pers to write.

Yes, sir; I think I could.

Well, you have a bright face; I would like to have you in my history work if it will not be too

hard for you. (Signs.)

Registration Office again—This is the third time I have been here, but it is all right now, and I want my cards. (Pushes on a couple of feet and stands waiting.)

You haven't any schedule numbers down here.

Oh, do I have to have those?

Yes; you will find a schedule in the court outside. (Withdraws.)

Later—There. Is that all? (Watches his cards go through the mill.)

Your full name, please?

F. M. Green.

No. But your given names. What do the F. and the M. stand for? We do not want to confound your records with those of F. R. Green, who was here in '94. You might never get through. You haven't his face.

Oh, Fresh Man Green. (Gets his cards and

departs reading them.)

Review Math. 3 hrs; Classical Archæology, 2 hrs.; Greek 1, 3 hrs.; German 1, 3 hrs.; Latin a, 2 hrs.; History of Philosophy, 5 hrs. Where's my Modern History card? That can't be the same as History of Philosophy, can it? I didn't elect that. (Goes back to Peters Hall again, stands in line for fifteen minutes, and when only three places away from the door, has it shut in his face, as it is already two minutes past four.)

9 a. m. following morning. Registrar's office

—They gave me the wrong cards yesterday and I

want to change them.

What's wrong?

I asked for Modern History and got History of Philosophy.

But this amounts to eighteen hours. How did

this happen?

Why I wrote it down and they gave me the cards. First time he told me I had too much, but the next time he did not notice it.

Your German and Archæology conflict. You had better wait until next year for your Archæology.

No. If I have to give up anything it will be the German or the Math. Review, but that's re-

quired. The doctor told my mother that German text was too hard on my eyes, anyhow. Say, can't I change my Math. Review from 9:30 to 10:30? I hear that the regular prof. is eas—er, not so,—well, a more inspiring teacher than that associate professor.

Here is a pack of registration blanks, hunt up yours, make out a new one without more than fifteen hours on it and I will try to get you straightened out.

Writes—Review Math. at 10:30, 3 hrs.; Classical Archæology, 2 hrs.; Greek 1, 3 hrs.; Latin a. 2 hrs.; Modern History, 5 hrs. (Waits while a Senior is getting his classification card arranged. Sees a Sophomore with a Y. M. C. A. badge on.)

Say, is my schedule all right now?

You haven't Dr. Hanna's signature for gymnasium. Go to the gymnasium office at Talcott.

Gymnasium office—You don't get this signed

here. Academy men go to Dr. Leonard.

I am a Freshman.

Oh, you don't need any signature at all, then. Go to the Registrar's office now.

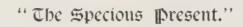
Registrar's office-I want my History card

and the Math. at 10:30.

Well, let's see. That is all right, but the divisions in Freshman Mathematics are limited. You will have to get special permission from Prof. Anderegg, for the 10:30 class is full.

(Dispiritedly)—I'll take the 9:30 Math. I want

to go home and bone on my Archæology.



TAY! thou swift rush of the years, Thy course resistlessly rolling; Give us time for laughter and tears, Give us time for living and dying.

Let us find some island of rest, Where in midst of waters onflowing, We may gain our long time quest, The goal of our dreaming and doing-

We may live the life we have planned, Since the dawning of youth's bright morning; Make it noble, and brave, and grand, Fulfilling our heart's deep longing.

Nay! ours is a boat on the stream; It pauses not, never, no never; The now, as it flits like a dream, We must fill with our highest endeavor.

-"Jas. Psych."

The Old Elm.

Patriarch, standing where the throng passes by, Hast thou forgotten that primeval day, When, at thy foot two souls did kneel to pray, And thou, with them, raised suppliant arms on high? God planted thee-we know not when nor how-To be an emblem of that answered prayer, Drawing thy life unseen, from earth and air,

Welcoming all alike beneath thy bough. Each season sends thy harvest far and near, Yet its returning round the loss renews, And thou dost gain through what thou seemest to lose, An influence that grows with every year. Promise of venerable days to be In thy so stately presence, we would see!



WARNER HALL. SPEAR LIBRARY.



Tit for Tat.



dainty rose—I broke its spray—And half in earnest, half in play,
I turned to him with laughing air,
"Here, you may have this flower so fair:

The rest are all supplied, and you

Must wear a flower as others do.

He took it with a cynic's air,
Half doubtful, half afraid to stir;
Then, with a look of calm disdain,
"You'd better take this flower again,
I have no use for it, you see!"
And he returned the flower to me.

In after years we stood once more
By the roses near the cottage door.
And all in earnest, not in play
He said, "Sweet, take my heart to-day.
With hearts I know you're well supplied,
But be not my request denied."

I took his heart with modest grace;
A smile just flitted o'er my face.
Then, with a look of comic pain,
"You'd better take your heart again;
I took it only for a whim"—
And I returned his heart to him.

The Rivals. A Tragedy in Two Acts.

Place-Bulletin Board, Peters Hall.
ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE II.

I hereby

CHALLENGE:

The man wno made this picture, to

MORTAL COMBAT:

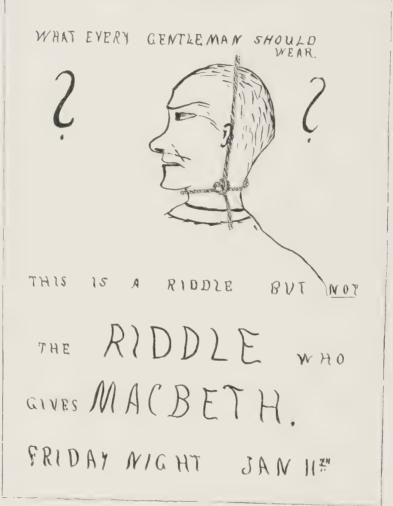
as well as every man woman and child who

maliciously

lusinuates that I made the

Charles A Brand.

Jan 11'93



SCENE III.

If Chas. Brand

desires to vinoicate his

Wounded (?)

HONOR

He may meet his

Anth gonist at

MIDNICHT

tonight on the middle at

the Cambus prepared the

Cambus prepared the

ACT II.

Scene I—Arthur Gulick's room on Forest street. Time 10:30 P. M. (Gulick pacing floor, nervously running fingers through hair.)

GULICK—Well, it must be done if it breaks her heart. (Gathers writing materials, sits down and pauses with closed eyes. Begins at last.)

Oberlin, Jan. 11th.

My own dearest — —, most—, —est N——: I dip my pen in blood, as it were, to write you for perhaps the last time. Do not be frightened. You remember I wrote you of that insulting challenge in Peters Hall. Well, I have, after careful deliberation and consultation with my dear friends; W. R. Miller and Poor Richard, the Pop-Corn Boy, decided to accept this challenge for two reasons: 1st, to vindicate my honor; 2nd, in the cause of art. I have weighed the chances of life and death, and they are much in favor of death; for this Brand is a cold-blooded brute, and has killed as many men as he has fought duels. But dearest, what is death when compared to honor! Surely you would not have your Arthur flinch when his honor is at stake, tho it should separate us forever.

I posted my acceptance beside the challenge this morning and set the time of meeting at 12:00 to-night, so in an hour and a half the ordeal will be over. I have secured as second, Prof. A. A. Wright, my esteemed biology teacher, and have left to him and Prof. Anderegg (Brand's second, I believe), the selection of weapons, which will probably be pistols, tho for my part I should prefer dissecting knives.

I have no debts hanging over me. I have paid my board bill at Mrs. McDaniels' up to date, although I have taken

nothing for three days except a cup of cocoa. All other debts are also adjusted.

I have been trying to think of something appropriate to send you as a last token of affection. You will find it enclosed. I have spent much time and labor upon it, and it is very dear to me and an object of envy to all my friends, but I gladly part with it for your sake. When you see it, think of him who will wear it no more. My last thought will be of you; my last breath speak your name.

A long farewell,

ARTHUR.

(Rises, gazes intently into looking-glass.) Can I do it? Must I do it? Even for N——? (Resolutely.) Bah! faint-hearted coward! Can you die for honor and yet hesitate to make this sacrifice for her! I will do it! (Grasps scissors and quickly but carefully detaches his luxurious mustache. Places carefully in envelope with letter and sits down to meditate.) Knock at door. Enter Prof. A. A. Wright.

PROF. W.—Good evening, Mr. Gulick. Thought I would—why, how strange you look—what can be—O! I see, —cut it off, eh? Good idea. 'Twas sapping your strength, and you will need all your nerve and strength to-night. Would you not like to take a walk? It will freshen you up, and I wish to tell you the details of the arrangements.

GULICK—Very well, and I can mail my letter at the same time. (Eveunt.)

Scene II—Under the electric light in the campus. Time, 10:30 P. M. Enter from southwest Chas. Brand (carrying a crook-shaped cane) and Prof. Anderegg, his second, (carrying a valise.)

BRAND—Terribly cold night this.

PROF. A .- Cold! I should think, Mr. Brand, that the

solemnity of this occasion would drive from your mind all considerations of time and weather. For my part I do not feel the cold a great deal.

Brand—Pooh! I never felt cooler in my life, considering the weather. Solemnity be hanged! My father carried the stars and stripes over the field of Gettysburg without flinching, and shall I show a white liver now? I tell you I am a chip off the old block—of the same Brand, so to speak.

PROF. A.—Well, I only hope this seeming bravado will not desert you at the last minute. I never was in battle, but I have been a cow-boy in my day, and I know what it is to face a six-shooter. By the way, you have made your will, no doubt?

Brand—Well, I guess not. I don't expect to yield up just at present. I brought my caue along, so if anything should happen it would not fall into unwashed hands, as it were. But in all my duelling experience I never yet missed my man nor have I ever been mortally wounded, and I don't propose to begin to-night. In my last scrap, I just turned my narrow edge toward my opponent and stood as thin as possible. Bullet struck me squarely enough, but was split, and passed by harmless. I escaped with only a dent upon my left edge. Oh, I'll come out all right to-night. Hello, here come our friends, the enemy.

Enter Prof. A. A. Wright (carrying a small grip) and Arthur Gulick.

Prof. W. (stiffly.)—Good evening, gentlemen.

BRAND—Hello! Ready for business? Been waiting a long time. Nearly froze, it's so cold.

GULICK (teeth chattering with fright.)—Y-y-e-s-s-s, it f-f-fair-l-ly m-m-makes m-my t-t-tee-teeth ch-ch-chat-t-ter-rer.

(Clock strikes 11:00. Exit electric light.)

Brand (out of the darkness.)—Now, we'll have to go home without firing a gun.

PROF. W.—Not so fast. The lights always go out at II:00. I expected it and am prepared. (*Takes out and lights a small bulls-eye lantern*.)

PROF. A.—But, Prof. W., that is of no use, since it casts a light in only one direction.

PROF. W. (lets down the arc, attaches his lantern and raises it again, so that the light shines down the path toward the east.)—That's exactly the calculation. Mr. Brand has had much more experience in these little encounters, and is naturally more cool and daring. Therefore, to balance these advantages, the bulls-eye is to shine upon him, leaving my principal in the shadow.

Prof. A -- Now, Prof. W., I shall not-

Brand (interrupts.)—Never mind, Prof. A.! I don't care.

Prof. A.—Oh well, if you don't, I'm sure I don't. It will be your funeral, not mine.

Prof. W.—Well, if that's agreed to, let us measure the distances and proceed to business.

(The Professors measure off fifteen paces on either side of the light. Brand is placed at east and Gulick at west end with backs to each other. Revolvers carefully examined by seconds and presented to principals.)

Prof. W.—I think, Prof. A., we had better get behind a tree. (They act accordingly.) Now, gentlemen, I will count three. On the third count wheel and fire. (A silent pause—even Gulick's teeth cease to chatter; the bulls-eye is heard to wink.) Are you ready? One! (Brand deftly springs behind a neighboring tree.) Two! (Turns and takes steady aim at Gulick.) Three! (Gulick turns with his eyes shut. Both fire. Gulick falls. Brand grabs cane

and runs. Seconds come forth and raise the prostrate Gulick, Blood oozes from his forehead. Groans. Whispers.)-Did I hit him, avenged-honor-art-Mother-Nellie. (Silence.)

(Exeunt seconds, bearing body of Gulick toward Dr. Noble's house.) Enter Marshal Burge from east and Prof. Kelsey from west, both running.

MARSHAL BURGE (excitedly)—What's all this 'ere shootin'?

PROF. KELSEY—I am sure I am as much in the dark as yourself, Mr. Marshal; I was laboring somewhat later than usual this evening, over in the Finney dwelling, and upon hearing the commotion. I came in haste. What! Blood upon the ground. Oh, Mr. Marshal, here is a case for your detective instincts to ferret out. Foul play—a tragedy—perhaps murder! O, why will human beings delight in useless and wicked strife! (Quotes from Review.) Nothing is more deplorable than contention among right-minded people. Concord—how sweet thy name! oh concord! concord! CONCORD!! BLESSED CONCORD!!!

Burge—(a little muddled)—Yaas, I guess that's the sentiment all right 'nough, but it don't ketch no murderers; so if you'll go along and not disturb things here, me and Const'ble Gibson 'll see what we can make o' this little affair in the mornin'. I see a lot o' dog tracks hereabouts in the snow that looks some suspicious, an' I don't want 'em disturbed. Good night!

(Exeunt severally.)

SCENE III.

Elyria. Morning following preceding evening. Brand, disquised as a foot-ball player, eagerly scans morning paper. Reads on first page-

BLOODSHED!!

COLLEGE TOWN DISTURBED!

Midnight Tragedy!

.....Brand.....Gulick......WrightAnderegg..... midnight......College Campus......Rival artists......By light of dark-lantern. Gulick wounded.....taken to Dr. C. D. Noble's house. A short examination revealed a small white bean lodged just under the scalp on the upper part of the forehead. This was removed and the patient soon revived from his faint. It seems that Gulick's second, knowing Brand to be a dead shot, had substituted this bean for the bullet in Brand's revolver.

March 2. 1895.

Lear Sir; - Mour subscription to
Review not having being paid
refore March 1st it is now 200
Please Call at Mo23 Peter.

One of those pesky "Sherman Notes" used to deplete the treasury

Vain Pursuit.

While at tennis one bright day, I did chase a ball, astray, Lo, I chanced upon a fay
In the clover hiding.
Down a cobweb sliding.

In my cap she flew to hide; There I cavght her, terrified; But, ere I her wings had tied She escaped me, singing, Into ether winging.

Since that day I can but choose
Still to seek—what I did lose—
That sweet fay—my college muse,
For I love her dearly,
Tho it may be queerly.

Sometimes, in a song I hear her Singing softly. Though I fear her Pranks,—to me they but endear her; All her airy flitting, My pursuit outwitting.

Wilful muse, where hast thou fled?

Muse—I cannot think thee dead;

Happy, mirthful, college-bred

Muse,—where art thou hiding?

Tell me where thou'rt biding.

The Campus Squirrels.

High up in a box in the old elm tree

Is the place where the squirrels are said to be—
That is, at night,
For in broad daylight

You may look almost anywhere else for the squirrels.
Cir, cir, cir, and behind you whirls
A little brown ball, with a tail all curls,

And makes for a tree.

'Tis never where you expect it to be. On the other side, just peering 'round, 'Twill wink at you looking up from the ground. And there it will be, after endless twirls On the other side—that's the way with squirrels. And then with a scamper, or up or down, In nobody knows what part of town. Under the First Church's leafy shade, Or, coyly approaching a college maid, Who, with popcorn bag and winning smile Would fain its fickle faith beguile. Then, again, it is off with a quirk and a twirl, For this is the life of a Campus squirrel. Yes, that is the way with the Campus squirrels, Very much as it is with the college girls; They are dear brown things, but they whisk away, And the sweetest girls sometimes say "nay." And yet, to be sure, he would be a churl Who would blame them for that, or a campus squirrel.

A College Reminiscence.

Time-Sunday afternoon-1869.

I lace—South Professor Street, in front of residence of Ed. H——, a laboring man, who was half-witted, resided with his sister and had just sustained a serious injury.

Personæ—A passing student. John W——, an Irish journeyman tinner afflicted with mania potu, at the time "under the influence" and leaning unsteadily against a maple tree.

COLLOQUIUM.

Student-Hello, Johnnie

Johnnie—S'hay—hic—hold on.

Student-What is it, Johnnie?

Johnnie-You know-hic-who lives here?

Student-Yes, Ed. H — lives here with his sister.

Johnnie-- Hic-You know Ed. is sick?

Student-No, what ails him?

Johnnie-Got hurt-hic-likely to die.

Student-That's too bad.

Johnnie-Yesh-hic-too bad. S'hay.

Student-Well?

Johnnie—Somebody oughter—hic—talk to Ed about his soul.

Student-That's so, Johnnie, who shall it be?

Johnnie-Suppose-hic-you do it.

Student—That's not just in my line, Johnnie.

Johnnie—Hie-no matter; you and I are-hie-both Christians, you know.

Student - You seem to be moved by the spirit, Johnnie. Johnnie - Yesh, and I'd like-hic-to talk to Ed about hish soul, but you know-hic-we all have our failin's.

Student-That's so, Johnnie.

Johnnie—This-hic-is my failin', (taking a bottle half full of whiskey from his pocket) and if I go in-hic-Ed's sister might-hic-smell my failin' and-hic-she wouldn't like it, so you better go.

Student—Why don't you get rid of your failing, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Can't,-hic-no use to try. I'm a Christian, anyhow; just as good a Christian-hic-as you.

Student -Ouite likely.

Johnnie—Difference 'tween us is, I preach and you-hic -practice.

Student-You think that that evens us up, then?

Johnnie—Yesh,-hic-I read my Bible; I know it says, "No drunkard shall enter-hic-kingdom of heaven." But-hic-I'll tell you what, (putting his arm confidentially around student's neck) I don't intend to be drunk-hic-when I go there.

Exeat student.

SEQUEL:—Ed. H—— recovered. Johnnie, some time . later, while full of the spirit, lay down on the railroad track and was killed.





It is hard to believe that a potato-bug could be ambitious. This one was. He wanted to sing. "Ridiculous," said all his mates. "You cannot sing. None of us can." But the ambitious potato-bug persisted.

"People will not care for your singing," said one of his intimate



"Oh, yes they potato-bug. "There who consider my if I become the fad, made." So he be-

At first he was discouraged. But

friends.
will," replied our always will be those voice musical; and my fortune will be gan to sing.
frowned upon and

frowned upon and gradually people commenced discovering his voice. It

was noised abroad that he could sing. His happiness knew no bounds, and he dropped accompanying and went into solo work. He changed his name, and became known as "The Mandolin;" and, as he said, there always will be people who think he is musical, and enjoy hearing him sing.



III

At Thursday Lecture.

They were in the gallery Thursday afternoon, with open French book, little red dictionary, and a section of barber's pole containing refreshments. Their own lesson prepared, they poke two studious neighbors—rudely breaking in upon visions of Silas Marner and of Wallenstein. Not met half way, they repent, lay heads affectionately together, and are asleep.

How I wronged them in thinking they were not following Professor Currier! I apologize. It is always painful to perceive that one has misjudged a fellow creature. At a pause in the lecture they bend forward; listen eagerly, grasping their hats. And there is something regretful in their attitude as they fall asleep again.

With the last word those boys are out of their seats, joyfully leading down the stairs—happy in the consciousness of duty well done.

Fred Wright, laboring in chemical laboratory: "Professor Jewett, what sort of acid is this, anyway? I can't get the reaction." Prof.—"Oh, that's acid angelicum." Fred.—"Oh, well, I'll have lots of time to study that in the next world, won't I?" Prof.—"Yes, yes—it's generated by heat!"

In Summer.

I love to lie

Twixt earth and sky,

A quiet river creeping by;

With flowers fair,

To scent the air

With silent sweetness everywhere.

While soft wind plays

Rich roundelays,

Wandering in and out the maze

Of emerald leaves,

And gently breathes

Wierd, mystic music through the trees.

So lulled to rest

Upon the breast

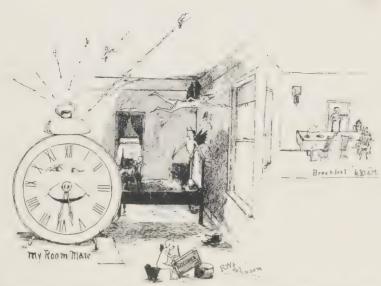
Of Nature, all that is seems best;

The weary brain

Forgets its pain

And dreaming, lives the past again.

JAMES PETTIT, '92.



The Seven=Thirty.

OT yet had Aurora stretched her rosy fingers, azure-tipped beneath the icy breath of Boreas, this side the trackless waste of the loud-resounding eastern ocean, when the hero, not gently touched by his faithful companion, opened his misty orbs, and thus with himself communed:

Hn-n-n? What's that? . . . Oh, shut up! I say, can't you let a fellow sleep once in a while? . . . 'Tain't time to get up yet. . . . Hn! A seven-thirty? By Jove, this is the morning! But 'tisn't half-way morning yet—keep still! Quarter after? Pshaw, your old clock's way off! Hand me my vest, wont you?—

My watch don't try to beat time. Great Scott, you are right for once! Ho-ho-hum! . . . Say, but it's beastly cold. Poke up that there fire, Bill! Well, I s'pose I've got to. Oh, to the deuce with your James' Psychology, what's that to do with getting up? . . . Now you just watch for some tall hustling. I'll make her en masse. Ugh! . . . Where in thunder did you put my socks? What's that? I hadn't ought to gone down town for that oyster stew after ten, eh? Wha'd you sling them under the bureau for, I'd like to know? Oh, come off; Columb with your old told-you-so's! I'll get there fast enough. . . . Ou-u-ch! Had to leave your blessed skates right there for a parlor ornament, didn't you? Mine? Oh, dry up! Tell the waiter I'm a-coming, Bill. I'll have to cut prayers for once. Oh, chew that! It's three times this week. What do they take a feller for, anyhow? Three hours before sunrise is no time to get religion, or up, or anything else. . . Oh, donder! Bill, Bill, come back here! Got a shoe-string? Fiddle, you're just too lazy to look it up, that's all that ails you! Oh, go on, do! . . . I'll just run the one string and slip her under, so -nobody'll know the diff. Cæsar's Commentaries, there she goes! Can't a fellow humble himself a little without exalting a pants' button through the confounded ceiling? Verily, the way of the Freshman is full of tacks. Why didn't I have sense enough to sew t'other on Sunday? Well, I'll have to hitch the old suspender through this buckle and let'er go Gallagher. . . . Twenty-three past - whew!! These seven-thirties are just a blazing scheme of the faculty's, to keep us from forgetting their old Oberlin idea. Try to make a feller miserable so he'll be pious, but-Hang that

chump, he's stole my collar button! Wonder if I've got one laying around loose somewhere? Bang! Git there, E-pluribus! Why don't they fasten their infernal bureau drawers in? Well, I'll just take one out of the sleeve and let that sliver. That's a pretty looking mess on the floor, but she's got to stay there. Now, this is what I call joy. . . Wonder if dad would send me to Ann Arbor if I asked him. I bet they don't have any early mass, Irish-wake class business up there. . . Oh, come on there, you old coat sleeve. What's a cuff's particular mission in life, I'd like to know? Ri-ip! Confound it! It's on, though,—torn and tattered but still in the ring. I'll have to come back and pick up this stuff instead of talking with Mamie over in the library, oh, me, miserable! . . Off at last. No breakfast this clip. Seven seconds!

A-ou-ou! Jerusalem, that hurt' Rockefeller trying to make a skating rink out of our front side walk. I d like to know? I'll have to go out in the road to sprint it. . . My, it's slippery! Oh, mamma.

there's that everlasting shoestring flapping! I look like the debris of a Kansas twister. . . .

Now, I'll just slip into a back scat, real quiet, and after class I'll tell the Prof. he must have skipped my name in the roll. Bang! Slam! Thunderation! The wind just had to blow this once of all others. . . Well, look at me, why don't you? Too bad I ain't traveling with Barnum, ain't it? 's if it was anything very remarkable to be a second late. What makes 'em smile? Et tu, Mamie? Oh, Christmas, kick me, somebody, I forgot to brush my hair! Well, who—Great heavens, where is my necktie! Ye gods, this is the last straw! Adieu, dim-glimmering light! On thee, accursed seven-thirty, be my blood!

He vanishes. And the chapel clock tolled solemnly the knell of one more victim of the seven-thirty—it rang three quarters.

Quatrains.



Of make me tired, the maiden spake.

Too oft besought in tones appealing:
He sighed and gently murmured, "Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling."

"Cruel one, why spurnest thou me so?
Far heavier lies my heart than lead."
"How fortunate," in accents low,
"'Twill balance up against your head."

He saw stars; oped his eyes at last;
The skaters came to sympathize.
A faint smile o'er his brave face passed,
"My head's so dull, it cuts no ice."

An Ode to Washington.

(Which did not win the prize on Feb. 22d, because of some historical discrepancies.

The world is full of Washingtons—there's Washington, D. C., And there's Washington that is a state beside our western sea, And there's one that's gone up yonder, where we'll meet him by and by, The father of his country, who never told a lie. That Washington was Georgie, the naughty boy was he, Who with his little hatchet cut down the cherry tree; Then meeting with his father, a little scene ensued Which made our George a hero, and stirred his young heart's blood. So when the nation wanted a match for Johnny Bull, Finding George had been in practice, they gave him command in full. And when the hostile army came on from o'er the sea, George was right on deck as usual, to help unload their tea. Then, after eight years' fighting, Old England just gave in To the boy who told his father the truth about his sin. And now, a century later, America's still free! And we owe it all to you, dear George, for cutting down the tree



PETERS HALL.





An Oberlin Idyl.

They stood together in the hall,
The clock was striking seven.
He looked into her soft, blue eyes,
And caught a glimpse of heaven.

And as the last stroke died away Upon the quiet air,

A silence came upon them both, As they were standing there.

Her eyes upon the ground were cast, His arm stole 'round her waist; He nearer drew her, while a kiss Upon her lips he placed.

She gasped, "What would my matron say,
If she should find us here?"
"She can't say this has been a failure,
Can she now, my dear?"
—E. V. C.

A Ibero.

His sinewy arm close clasped the yielding form, Strained to his breast; with noble head bent low, Swift, burning words 'twixt clenched teeth he breathed: "Rest there, fair creature, rest secure enwreathed: I'll bear thee safe, shield thee from every storm Of battle wild; ward off each threat'ning blow Would tear thee from my breast; tho mountains dire Of dying friend and foe, upon us fall Deep tombed, no power shall sunder thee from me!" Thus speaking, onward rushed he mightily, With arm resistless, flying feet of fire, Till he, behind the goal—touched down the ball. —D.



Peter Ling, Long Dang, and No Hop Wum—Allee samee Geary law Chinaman come! So likee washee, takee many shirt. For well constlucted Chinaman hatee muchee dirt.

Hli-O-Hli, O-Hli-O— So sayee Peter, Long Dang, and No. Yes. Hli-Hli, too, and O-Hli-O— 'berlin bestee place ever me know.

Glather allee washee, take it every back. Over Steam Laundry, *him* make it allee black, Stealee like all something—me will tell him so. Givee *me* your shirtee, done soon to-morrow.

Haven't gottee money? Me givee you tlick. You tellee old manee, he send some light off quick. You payee when gottee—all samee Plof! So Pete washee, Long ilon and Hop cut flinges off.

Comee in other day, think him big one dude!

Me like him not at all, 'cause he so flightful lude.
"Hustle, Chiney, sick collar, shirt, an' cuff,
Bust yer noggin surely, if ain't done up nuff!"

Long givee him his slatchel, "Chargee eighty cent." He meetee student, walkee, when she oughtn't went. Up on Gloodrich corner slatchel happen drop! What me puttee in there when me shuttee up?

Undershirt with pockets, flunny other clothes, Thlen some lady's collar, two pair two-feet hose, Plitty clorset cover, name put on before,— Belong to fat old lady livee nextee door,—

Nineteen lagged handkerchiefs—not any shirt!

Dude velly mad, likee eatee ton of dirt.

Comee next already, wasn't more some rude.

Long Dang, No, and Peter Ling we fixee thatee dude!

Comee black of clounter, wantee hittee pipe. Dleam like plitty peachee, nice and sweet and lipe. Here come Plexy Ballantine! Lun, boys, lun! He catchee when you smokee, no more fun.

Guess we turn new leafee—Hop and Pete and Long Go to Slabbath schoolee, hearee plitty slong. Havee sweet young teacher, lookee in her eye, While she savee heathen all she can do try.

Give her plitty pleasants, lilies, tea and rug, Only dark in Slabbath school, givee little hug. Allee samee 'Melican man haven't any show, She likee Chineeman, he be her beau.

So glather allee washee, don't care how much nuff. Makee plitty flingee on collar, shirt, and cuff. Student comee backee, mad at lagged shirt, But well constlucted Chinaman hatee muchee dirt.

Weather Profits.

Axioms which will bear remembering.

Never prophesy rain when Fahrenheit says 10° below. It may hail.

Never talk about the weather to your best girl, to the Prof. in required work, or to the Dean of the Women's Department when you seek an excuse for some Miss Demeanor.

Be sure to always carry an umbrella and a gray felt hat, no matter how hot the sun shines; it will give you individuality.

"Weather is an incomprehensible, subtile, mobile, indefinable, pliable essence of air."—Prof. Childs' Dynamical Physics.

When the weather changes more than twice every half hour, go to bed and eat marsh mallows—they will mellow the effect.

Never sit in a draught unless it is signed by a reliable man.

Wind is like money—its value increases with its circulation.



You should avoid keeping your mouth open when out of doors. The air may rush in, cause a vacuum in the upper atmosphere and a hurricane would ensue.

If you are overtaken by a hurricane, lie as you never lied before lie flat on your back with your face toward the storm. Your countenance may avert it. If you haven't your lesson don't let the Prof. get wind of it.

Rain, is the Sophs. daily theme.

Never go to bed with cold feet. Take them off and warm them before retiring.

Summer showers come and go like thunder.

A full course in signal service codes given by Profs. Upham and Wood at the artist recitals. Requirements: That you be a college girl.

Never use slang except in winter at the oyster house. Then order a "hot stuff."

The effectiveness of a wind depends upon its sighs.

When there is a fog, the fog whistle blows. When there is no fog the wind blows.

A "Si" * moon is a tall luna.

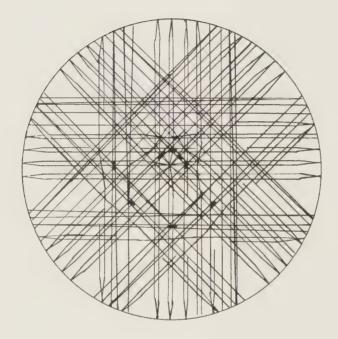
Equinoxial storms are usually prevalent about the time of the equinox. Sometimes they are omitted upon advice of the Faculty.

For further information inquire at the Meet Her logical office, Talcott Hall or Baldwin.



If you are ruffled be calm.

^{*} sc. Voorhees.



MICROSCOPIC CROSS SECTION OF AN OBERLIN STUDENT'S BRAIN.

Does it Look Queer?

Then hold the book nearly on a level with the eye and turn it to the left.



OU often roast the Annual Board, And roast them roundly too, So don't get angry if you please, If we should now roast you.





Psychological Observations.

CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES.

Bellard:—"When I was quite young, about 10 years of age, I had a severe fright, and I think that a pained expression has stayed with me ever since."

Chamberlin:—"When I was a small boy, quite a little child, I formed the habit of going to church, a habit I have been trying to break ever since!" (Consult Prof. Jewett as to particulars.)

Jesse Childs:--" My childhood don't seem so very strange to me now; I feel just about the same. Maybe when I get older and sort of farther away from it, I can observe better."

Skeels:—"The memory of some very unpleasant things in childhood stay with me still; I remember I had a teacher once who made me learn something."

Upham:—"Some of my childhood sorrows were very bitter. How well I remember the day they cut off my curls and made me put on trousers!"

Miss Hart:—"I cannot say anything of childhood passions. I do not remember of ever having been angry."

Burke:—"When young, I used to be a very silent child and it was a long time past the usual age before I learned to talk. I can remember that for a long time after that, I was very reticent, and did not know how to say anything. [My college education has helped me very much in that respect."]

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

Boothman—On attention:—"I have often observed that I could pây much better attention in class after heavy foot-ball practice, sitting quietly with my head down and my eyes closed."

Hosford—On brain paths:—"It seems to me that one's brain paths run very peculiarly. I have often come out in a sentence at a point that I had no idea of when starting out."

Miss Dillow—On Co-ed.:—"The lectures on co-education interested me more than anything else during the term."

Jesse Childs—On brain paths:—" My brain is a good deal better adapted to some kinds of paths than it is to others. I have to try very hard to remember anything at all about Logic, but I can keep last year's ball-scores in mind without any trouble."

Clancy—On times for study:--''I never study between meals, anyhow.''

Boothman—On drainage for surplus affection:—"It seems to me that it is an excellent idea to have something, like a dog, for example, as a harmless outlet for affection that might otherwise bother a fellow."

Skeels—On effect of bodily states:—"No doubt the body has a great deal to do with mental states. When I was in a Prep. Society, I felt one night, that my work that

term was getting on poorly. After the session, I told a friend about it, and told him that I thought a good whipping would help me. He offered me his services, and taking me out behind the barn at his home, he brought back childhood's memories very vividly with a trunk-strap. It was very kind of him, for I did a good deal better work the rest of the term."

OUESTIONS AND CRITICISMS ON THE TEXT-BOOK.

Miss Warnock:--" The general style is good, but it seems to me that the author makes altogether too frequent use of illustrations drawn from a lover and his loved one."

Upham: - '. The general style is good, and I think the author has made an excellent choice of illustrations "

Grabill:-"I can't understand why Prof. I, finds anything inconsistent in one's being at the same time 'very handsome, a great athlete, a wit, as well as a lady-killer, a philosopher, and saint.' I think no young man should limit his ambitions."

Clancy:-" Would not the book have been a much better text-book for a five-hour course if it had contained about one-half as much matter?"



In This Younger Days.

Tutor, C. B. M-rt-n, versus a Prep. Ovid Class.
Spring Term, 188—

Ι.

Room 8. Last hour in afternoon. Ovid class.

Mr. M-rt-n.—"I think it's very close in here. Will some one open the door? Thank you. Read on, please."

Student translates stumblingly.

Meanwhile a young lady with a book under her arm saunters slowly by outside. Mr. M. glances intently out of the door.

Student.—"Is that far enough?"

Mr. M. [still glancing.]—"Yes, certainly."

Student sits down, grinning.

Mr. M. turning [with a sigh.]—"Oh, I beg pardon, what was your question?"

II.

In front of Finney House, 8:00 P. M. Bright moonlight. Two figures crouching behind the hedge.

 Member Ovid Class.—"Musical Union is just out, they'll be along directly."

2. Member Ovid Class.—"Is it all right? Tie the string on."

1. Member Ovid Class .- "All right."

2. Member Ovid Class.—[Sotto voce.]—" Now lay low That's 'um!"

Approach a couple slowly.

Suddenly a long black thing wriggles across the stone walk directly in front of them.

Young lady shrieks and clings to him.

Mr. M. [in high treble.]--"Don't be afraid! I will protect you, dear." Jabs the object vigorously with his cane. Tableau.

III.--Later.

Member Ovid Class. \ —" Say, didn't that work out of sight."

Hew Year's Resolutions.

Brand resolves to quit this earthly trouble and marry him a wife.

MacClave resolves ever hereafter to get his lessons in class.

Sheffield resolves to take "Hood s."

Miss Weston resolves never to trust a man again, and never to vote on April Fool's Day.

Childs, with his new tan shoes, resolves to be labeled "this side up with care."

Miss G. Helen Clarke resolves "no more to roam."

Miss Leiter resolves to vote for a class photographer who can take complexion.

"Billy" Miller, Tidd, and Thatcher resolve not to play base ball this spring. The faculty also resolve.

Professor Roe resolves not to let his regular college duties interfere with his function as captain of the faculty base ball team.

Editor-in-Chief of the Review Raymond resolves that myself, C. Rexford Raymond, does and shall for a year constitute the Review Board in all matters of complimentaries and recommendations, so help me *Pa*.

Hosford resolves to place his room under military surveillance, and to sleep on his watch and his cane.

Callender resolves to pay his wash-woman.

Hosford resolves to change his collar, regardless of public opinion.

Partridge resolves never to let a gang of hoodlum Freshmen intimidate him again.

Chamberlin resolves to advertise: "Hair for pillows, mattresses, and watch chains."

Upham resolves never to be engaged to more than three girls at once.

Ben Williams resolves not to trade for table at Talcott.





PART I.

JUPITER—"What's your hurry? Can't you stay awhile, Old Man?"

Moon—"No! I've got an engagement on Peters Hall roof—Astronomy class,
don't-cher-know!"

PART II.

The engagement.

Daily Themes.

(Tune, Sweet Marie.)

II. I. In the morn when I awake, There's a subject near my heart, —Daily Themes, -Daily Themes, I remember what I saw And it forms a constant part -In my dreams. In my dreams. Critics with their joyful glee, Every day and every night, As they mark a two or three, I just write, and write, and write, Still before my eyes I see And I look so like a fright! -- Daily Themes. —Daily Themes. Chornes. III. When the sunset tints the west, Chorus: -Daily Themes. Daily Themes, nightly dreams, Still I find no peace or rest Nightly dreams, Daily Themes! In my dreams. They're the trouble of my life, as it seems. But I am consoled to think, They are with me every where, When I cross the shining brink, And I swear, and swear, and swear,-Then at last my cares I'll sink! You can see them in the air! —Daily Themes. -- Daily Themes. Chorus.

Chips from Talcott Blocks.

Darn it! I borrowed your darner to darn on.—Sarah. I won't come to see you any more.—Mable. I don't care, James will.—Ada.

I have gone down to the parlor to be "merry."—Sylvia. It's a pity you wouldn't be home when your friends come to see you.—Polly.

Can I borrow your pitcher, Grace?

[Guten Morgen Mädchen! Haben sie mit "Pear's," Seife gewascht?—Next Door.]

When you make your fudges just let me know.—A.

MUMPS HERE!!!--S. SISTERS.

[Time—Junior campaign against Senior caps.] Look behind the dresser, Daisy!—Florence A.

Have changed five times to get a decent table and am now in a rank crowd—B.

Did you take that Alabama Coon out of my room?—Charlotte H.

Better take up a collection and get a pencil for your block ~ 10 .

Good bye, Sylvia. If I don't see you before I go, you will find a kiss in the place where I hide my cap.—Pearl. Scared you, didn't I, Polly?—Daisy.

I want something to eat. Got any fudges?—Grace. May your jam and your shadow never grow less!—S. I stole three pops of your corn.—D.

ENGAGED!!!-SYLVIA.

Say, Florence, you're getting giddy. This is the second call from him this week.—S.

Mother Hubbard's cupboard is bare.--Jessie.

Say, D., I want some of that jelly you stole.—M.

Can I borrow your blue collar to wear to the concert to-night?—Jennie.

Help me hold the fort, girls. I can still raise "cane." — Daisy.

Lets cut "gym." and go "ex"ing. The M. D. isn't+this week.—P.

Are you crushed on him or his curly locks?—A.

Don't you think this is the motto of the Faculty—Numquam animus, sed ignis via?—Pearl.

A Comedy of Aristophanes.

Scene-Room 35,-10:25 A. M.

Horner, Barnes, Miss Elmore and Miss Hammond cathered round the tables.

Enter Dietrick. Say, Jack, translate these last fifty lines, will you, before the professor comes.

Horner.—I studied three hours and didn't get them.

Dietrick.—Let's kick.

Horner.-No, Tracy would say it was easy.

Enter Prof. Martin, accompanied by his flock. Class compare notes while Prof. Martin arranges his book-rest.

Prof. Martin —Sing please.

Dietrick, [inadvertently.]—How can I bear to—[then recollecting himself.]—Just as I am.

(lass select each a different key and join in everyone for himself, etc.

Prof. Martin.—It would greatly improve the devotional exercises if Mr. Dietrick could make a schedule of the hyms so some members of the class could do a little outside vocal work. Mr. Barnes, begin the translation.

Mr. Barnes [translating.]—If he had not been—

Prof. Martin.—No word for *if*; no word for *he*; no word for *not*; no word for *had been*. Mr. Johnson please close the door. No, it is not necessary, for it is about time for Mr. Jameson to arrive. Mr. Barnes finish the translation.

Enter Jameson.

Prof. Martin.—It's a lamentable fact that the tardiness in a class is always confined to one or two persons.

Jameson sits down muttering something about blacking his shoes.

Prof. Martin.--Miss Wetterling, N. E., continue the translation.

Miss Wetterling.—I couldn't make any sense out of this [translating,] and tho young, he was old, and in addition to that his mother, and put out both his eyes.

Prof. Martin, [with sardonic grin.]—Miss Zearing you may translate the same.

Miss Zearing, [translating correctly.]—And tho young, he married an old woman, and in addition to that, his mother, and then put out his own eyes.

Miss Wetterling.—That's what I meant.—Doleful wail from the upper regions.

Prof. Martin.—Does anyone know if there is a cat up there? [Recollecting suddenly.] Oh, I suppose its one of the oratory class. They ought to have a separate building. Mr. Tracy, begin the translation at sight.

Tracy makes frantic effort to remember Buo's; calls it cow.

Prof. Martin.—Had that in the Anabasis.

Tracy.--I study on St. Paul's plan--"forgetting the things which are behind, I press forward toward the mark."

Prof. Martin.—Were you the man who spent nine hours on your Bible? Oh no, you just knew that such a man existed. The man never lived nor never will who spent nine hours on one of my lessons. In the fall I have foot ball, in the winter Mr. King, in the spring base ball, and Mr. Anderegg all the year. It is now 23 minutes after eleven. You are excused.

Tracy, [as the class rush for the door.]—I have since learned of a boy who studied his Bible ten hours.



Toads.

George Jones [explaining the origin of names.] "Now to illustrate: Adam and Eve were walking in the garden one day, when they saw something hopping along and wondered what to name it. "Now, said Adam," this looks like a toad and it hops like a toad." "Well then," said Eve,

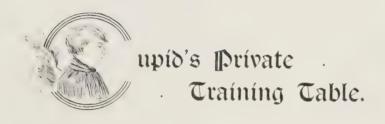
'let's call it a toad.' And that's how toads came to have a name."

This illustration puzzles Miss Sovereign, and in the silent watches of the night she wakes her roommate with: "I don't see yet how Adam *knew* that it hopped like a toad."

In Psychology.

Discussing "Pure Sensations." Miss Ashley.—"Well, now, professor, wouldn't this be a pure sensation? I know lots of times I have been out in the garden reading an

interesting book, and not thinking of anything except just what was in the book, and I would look up all of a sudden and have a sensation of just pure greenness.



Menu.

Buttered Toast

Saratoga Chips

Cold Tongue

Sardines

Jelly

Olives

Apple Dumplings, crême foucttée

Raspberry Cobler

Lemon Pie

Coffee

Jersey Cream

Cocoa

Chocolate Cake

Angels' Food



Miss Van Dyke Brown of the Art Department has just completed her latest masterpiece—"Ships that Pass in the Night."

This That.

It is not new, nor very old,
'Tis no protection from the cold,
It is not black nor white nor brown.
But has some counterparts in town.

He does not wear it on his head, The reason why, he never said. He never wore it, never will, As long as water runs down hill.

It is not prized for style or worth; Yet 'tis not out of style on earth. He clings to it right royally; Sometimes he ought less loyally.

Tis not the hat, (you well know this), He tips to many a pretty miss When meeting on the College walks It is the hat through which he talks!



This That.

He paid three dollars for his hat,
All that.

'Tis gray and round and rather flat,
His hat.

He knows that he looks every way
A jay,
But yet its end he does each day
Delay.

For don't you see, dear friends, this 'Cad,
'Tis sad—
Has spent for it the last scad

He had

From dad?

A Passable Joke.

In Greek BIBLE:—Prof. W.—"Mr. Clancy, what event did the Feast of the Passover celebrate?"

Clancy—"Passing over Jordan."

Prof. W.—"Well——is that——

Clancy—"Oh, no! It was the passing over the Red Sea."

Prof. W.—"Well——eh——perhaps we had better pass on to someone else. Mr. Cunningham?

Cunningham—"I pass."



'96 Song.

Tune: Upidee.

Now come ye, every girl and boy,
Come Oh, come; come Oh, come!

We'll spend the afternoon in joy,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

We are a happy class and gay,
And now to you the cause we'll say—
Roe, Roe, Roe, Roe, good Prof. Roe,
Good Prof. Roe, good Prof. Roe!
Roe, Roe, Roe, Roe. good Prof. Roe,
Roe, Roe, Roe, good Prof. Roe,

The Logic Class was flunking fast,
Roe, Roe, Roe, Oh Prof. Roe!
There wasn't one that could have passed,
Roe, Roe, Oh Prof. Roe!
But then our Prof., he did get sick,
And so we all called him a brick.
Roe, Roe,—etc.

And now we'll spend our time in play,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

And we'll enjoy our Saturday,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

We'll laugh and shout and sing in glee,
As we are doing now, you see,
Ha, ha, ha,—etc.

So here's to good old ninety-six,

Hi-yi-yi, hi-yi-yi!

We'll yell and sing our slam bum bix,

Hi-yi-yi, yi-yi!

She is the noblest class you'll find,

So please to keep that fact in mind.

Hi-yi-yi-yi! X—C—V—I!

Slam bum bix, slam bum bix!

Zip za, boom rah, ninety-six,

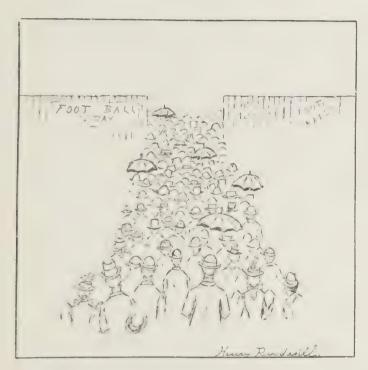
Good old ninety-six!

The Chrysanthemum Show.

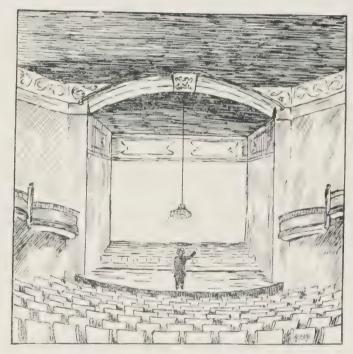


Oberlin up to Date.

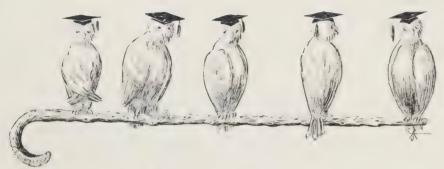
NEWS ITEMS.—ILLUSTRATED.



"Fully fifteen hundred people witnessed the Oberlin-Case ball game this afternoon."—Review.



"Prof. Sage-Bush delivered his famous lecture,——, this afternoon to standing room only."—Review.



*J. S. S. S. C. S.+

Anna R. Auten,

Grace D. Weston,

Jessie H. Rankin,

Daisy Sylvester,

Mabel C. Warnock,

Anna Parry,

Florence C. Ashley,

Pearl M. Dillow,

Mella N. Sılliman,

Cora D. Woodford.

Daisy Sylvester,

Cora D. Woodford,

Sam P. Orth,

Will J. Horner,

Fred. A. Knight,

Clyde Greenlee,

George W. Sumner,

Louis B. Fauver.

E. V. Grabill,

G. Fred. White.

*Junior Secret Society Senior Cap Swipers. †Junior Secret Society Senior Cane Swipers.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB.



GEORGE M. JONES.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Devotees of the Bone.



Alfred D. Sheffield, High Priest.

DERVISHES.

Ray Stetson, D. H. V. Purnell, E. C. Partridge,

H. J. Haskell, C. Augusta Rudd, Louie M. Church.

R. F. Massa. C. K. Tracy, Laura Auten,

R. H. W. Hosford. Belle Thompson, G. W. Mooney.

Press Club.

Robert A. Upham, President.

E. Hubbard Fitch, Jr., Arthur M. Gregg, *H. J. Haskell,

Walter A. Wood, Vice President. Robert A. Chapman, Secretary. W. R. Miller, Treasurer.

Honorary Member-John O. Noble.

Geo. Hemingway, Charles L. Hull, Jno. D. Mack,

W. B. Mahony, Sumner K. Prescott, W. Irving Squire,

*Ray Stetson, H. B. Voorhees, James Woodworth

*On Probation

Reading Circles.

A most interesting feature of Oberlin life is the Reading Circle. Its existence among us has scarcely been known, and owing to the modesty and reticence of the founders and propagators of the idea, would not now have been brought to light but for its accidental revelation to the Annual Board. The Reading Circle is based upon the fundamental principle of Oberlin-Co-education. Young ladies and gentlemen are admitted in equal numbers to each circle, membership in each case being limited to two. The object of the Circle is the perusal of standard authors; and a course is mapped out which, however, allows great freedom for electives. "Heart and Hand," "Summer Wooing," "Fourteen Weeks in Kissing," (elementary), "Lover and Lady," are among the books read. After a satisfactory completion of the work, the title of "Reading Union," is conferred upon the Circle jointly. The methods employed vary. When practicable the reading is done at the meetings of the Circle. Sometimes the book is read and fittingly underscored by each in the privacy of his or her own room, and the striking points discussed at a subsequent meeting. Very favorable results were attained in one circle by the latter method. The work perused was, "How Men Make Love and Get Married," by D. R. McAnally, Jr. A few of the underscored passages are quoted below to give an idea of the work done: "The parting of two lovers represents more misery than the surgical ward of a hospital. . . . To the lover, a day of absence seems a year; a week, a lifetime; a month, an eternity Untold suffering is caused by the breaking off of one passion, for the lover is firmly convinced that he will never love again There is a love which rises above jealousy. . . The advantages of a short over a long engagement are briefly set forth in "Happy the Wooing not long in the Doing," . . . A woman's tear is an appeal to a man's generosity . . . Kisses . . and the kiss of affection - Genesis, 14:15 . . . Kisses do not often appear as matters of litigation, although as early as the time of Constantine there was a law in the Roman Empire, that if a man kissed his betrothed she was entitled to onehalf of his property in case of death or to a breach of promise.' The chapter on the Proposal in Fact, is very interesting. Note how the underscored extracts carry the thread of thought. "How when he met her . . . with downcast eyes, and trembling hands—his ideal was realized . . how she is all the world to him . . existence a blank without . . Happiness depends on her . . . new man of him . . . himself and his all at her feet . . . her embarrassment . . . Yes. . . . into his arms . . . he has won . . alone with the stars The proposal accidental is the most common. . . 'We young ladies want nothing in the ask-only-with-the-eves line.' . . When a man has a proposal in u.ind he looks so much like a sheep head on his shoulder. . hiding her face in his breast. all my happiness lies in your hands. . . bliss."

For the founding and development of this institution in Oberlin especial honor is due to Mr. E. H. J-yn-s and Miss B-th. C-nf-ld. All wishing to join a Circle should consult Mrs. Johnston, who will give further information and assign readings.

The Theologue's Beard.

AN ESSAY IN TONSORIAL THEOLOGY.



The human beard is primarily a subtle device of nature to avoid the expense of shaving. But to the philosopher and observer of nature, the transmutation of peach-blossom cheek and curly mop of youth into the bearded physiognomy and bald cranium of the theologue, marks the advance from animal materialism to intellectual and spiritual dominion. As man lives more for the brain and less for the hungry mouth, the region of the former becomes a smooth threshingfloor of cultured intellect—no more a field for barbarism—while the carnal aperture for the meat that perisheth becomes overgrown with rank capillary underbrush. The opposite development is observed in the case of foot-ball players.

It is a commonly remarked phenomenon that prolonged religious contemplation and growth in picty tend to elongate the human countenance. In the case of the theologue, nature, being outstripped by grace, resorts to the beard to keep pace with FIDDLE, D. D. with the abnormal process of sanctification.

A Letter.

OBERLIN, April 1, 1895.

Editor Hi-O-Hi:

DEAR SIR:-I am very much interested in the Annual for this year, and am surprised that you have not already consulted me for suggestions. I have a number of bright ideas which you can have by calling at my room Thursday, at 1:30 P. M. I can spare you a few minutes then. Of course, you will make use of my name in the book. A half dozen or so references to a popular student like myself, will add greatly to the sale of the volume, and will set people talking about me. which I always enjoy. I scarcely need to remind you of my prominence in social, literary, and mathematical circles.

Cordially yours,

E. CHESTER LAMPSON, '98.

For the fulfillment of Mr. Lampson's suggestion the gentle reader is referred to page LI adv.

The Didn't Ring the Bell.



I.—Prof. Andrews and his famous bicycle.



II.—The milk cart on the crossing.



III.—The combination!!!



Prof. Anderegg Wrestling with the Schedule: —"I don't see how to fix that up so it will come out straight!——I don't see."

The Burial of Junior Ex.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse o'er the campus we hurried;
Not a Junior but wore a mourning coat
To the grave where our favorite was buried.

We buried him deep at the dead of night, The sod with our spades o'erturning, By the straggling moonbeams' misty light, His frail form scarce discerning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a sardine taking his rest,
With little white pickets around him.

Few and short were the words we said,
And we shed not a tear of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the form of the dead,
And we tremblingly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And threw in a stone for a pillow,
That the Cad and the Faculty would tread o'er his head,
And we—fired away o'er the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the deed the next morn,
And vainly attempt to upraise him,
But little he'll reck when they leave him forlorn,
In the grave where the Junior thus lays him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
And the day was slowly dawning,
When we heard in the distance the far away hum,
Of the Theologues gently yawning.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame known to story,
We carved but two lines, and we laid but two stones,
And we left him alone in his glory.



A Good Opening For & young Man





THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.



The Monroe Doctrine.

Prof. M. (to Prentiss)—What was Malthus particularly noted for?

Prentiss (confidently)—His theory of production.

Prof M. (on injustice of taxing coffee)—"Now, a poor laborer needs his cup of coffee in the morning just as much, and perhaps more, than Vanderbilt or Jay Gould—if, indeed, Jay Gould is still taking coffee."

Prof. M. (as Chapman and Miss Ray go out)—-" I have agreed to excuse a couple."

Prof. M.—" Miss Wilcox, what of this man's ancestors?"

Miss W.—" He didn't have any. He was an ancestor himself."

Prof. M. (calling on Mr. Auten).—Mr. Auten!—Oh, Mr. Auten was laid hold of by the ladies this morning to decorate the church."

Prof. M.—"Now if anybody or a lady has a question to ask—"

Prof. M. (calls on Miss Stranahan.)—" Is Miss Stranahan absent?"

"Oh yes, a Boston clergyman carried her off to-day!"

Prof. M. (comparing George and Bellamy.)—'' Now, when I get ready to turn Socialist, I'll take Bellamy and be happy. Bellamy is worth while. He not only covers all the *ground*, but the buildings and everything else.''

Prof. M.—" Mr. Morgan, name a few of the necessaries of life."

Morgan (slowly)-" Bread and meat-"

Prof. (encouragingly)—" Is that all?"

Student (sotto voice)-" Pie."

Martini Rifles.

Prof. (before beginning recitation).—"What! Mr. Jameson, you here?"

Jameson (apologetically).—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"Then it must be time to begin."

Prof. (discoursing on architecture, beautiful and otherwise).—" If you are ever tempted to spend any money seeing the Garfield Monument, don't do it. Save your money and look at the Oberlin Water-works stand-pipe; it's just as beautiful."

Prof. (exhorting the archæology class to spend more time in looking at the photographs).—"I suppose if I could get a rat up here or a cat or something for you to carve, or let you pour vile smelling stuff from one bottle to another, you'd think you were getting education a great deal faster than by looking at these pictures."

Prof. (disturbed by music in the oratory class).—"Next year I'll have a steam piano in the corner, wind it up, gather my class around me, and say I'm teaching Greek."

Prof.—"What special honor did Odysseus have conferred upon him?"

Student.—" Why, he went to Hades."

Prof.—"Oh, well, this whole class might do that."

Prof.—" Mr. Hosford, have you shown me an excuse for your absence last week?" Hosford.—" Yes, sir, I gave it to you on the street." Prof.—"O yes; I suppose that when I am dead some one will come and put one of those excuses on my coffin."



THE QUAKER DUET.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Under the Dean.

MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

- Mrs. J.—"When any German king came down and took Rome, he fancied himself a Cæsar. They were all scizers." (Silence that could be felt.)
- Skeels, (waxing oratorical.)—"The whole country was disturbed by intestine strifes."
- Miss Weston.—"Their hair was long and—." Mrs. J.—
 "What color?" Miss W.—"Well, that varied, I suppose."
 Mrs. J. (with a knowing look around the class.)—
 "Well, not very much."
- Skeels —(in an oratorical spasm.)—"Tho' Hildebrand was dead, his soul went marching on."
- Skeels—(under full sail—finishes a sentence after trying several times, with) "the ubiquitous fact of feudalism—'em-m—I guess that sentence floored me. I don't remember what comes next."
- Paine.—" Most of the Crusaders perished by the sword of the Mausoleums."

- Mrs. J.—"Seeds were transferred from the Orient by the crusaders, in their clothing, their baggage, and (looking round at White, Durand, and Skeels) in their hair."
- Mrs. J. -" The poetical is not very much developed in Mr. Skeels."
- White.—"Some of the principal cities of the Hanseatic League were 'Burgesses." Mrs. J. --"O you mean Bruges; they were not druggists."
- Mrs. J.—"Suppose the farmer does not get as much for his wood as he ought, what does he do?" Skeels.—"Vote the Democratic ticket!"
- Mrs J.—' Mr. McKee, where is Arabia; in Asia, Africa, Europe, America or Australia?' McKee (hesitatingly.)—''In Asia.'' Mrs. J.—''Sure?'' McKee.—"Why no, I'm not!''
- Mrs. J—."A great many wretched insects were brought back by the Crusaders—some enemies of man and some of beast."



Gathered from the Four Winds.

- Grabill in Logic.—"Professor, you gave something yesterday that half the class didn't get; I didn't any way."
- Downs in Greek.—''I don't know what that is, Professor.'' Prof. M. (translating.)—''A device painted on ships, you big fool.''
- Sociology. McLaughlin.—"Mr. Upham, what says our author about marriage?" Upham.—"Paul says that a young fellow who hasn't money shouldn't marry."
- Pres. Fairchild reports to Prof. Jewett.—"Burke—not here at all. Jameson—abundantly absent."
- Arthur Ballantine, who is compelled to feed his father's chickens and despises the task, was heard to ask his brother, "Hallie, do you love me?" "Of course I do." "Feed my chickens."
- Miss Edwards.—"I have joined the choral class, and Mr. Heacox says we are going to sing out of "Hannibal's Messiah" as soon as we can,"
- Miss Zearing, (translating.) "Whenever you come home and find your wife dead, count it clear gain."
- In Art. Mrs. J.—"Miss Weston, who was the next artist?"
 Miss W.—"Carpaccio—" Mrs. J.—"Peculiarities?"
 Miss W.—"Died in 1520—"
- Society Congress, Grabill (gesturing to Cunningham in the chair.)—"There he sits in blissful ignorance!"

- Prof. King, (in Psychology class.)—"Now I find that I can keep directions straight when going to Elyria, but coming back, I seem to lose my bearings."
- Miss Piper, (translating latin.)—"I have led the lion." Prof. Magoun.—"Well, not quite. 'I have paid the slave-dealer' is nearer the meaning."
- Agard '98, (after repeated special examinations in logarithms.)

 —"Professor, how much is a season ticket in this department?"
- Hosford, (in Sociology.)—"The Declaration of Independence opened with prayer."
- Dr. Leonard.—"The Psalmist says: 'All men are liars.' In one of my examination papers I find 'Dissimulation is a function of all living organisms.' This is going the Psalmist one better."
- Prof. Magoun.—"If you want to know what kind of a man a girl will marry, get her to tell you what kind of a man she won't marry." Miss Pike, (with ill concealed agitation.)—"Professor, you don't think there is any danger if I don't tell, do you?"
- Mack, (translating latin.)—"During the month of December I completed forty-four years."
- Hawley, (explaining meaning of, "in honor preferring one another.")—"That's what I did in the Oratorical Contest."

- Young lady, (reciting in oratory.)—"I have loved thee, Ocean!" Prof. Gaylord.—"Yes, now say it to Ocean and not to me."
- Prof. King.—"The Brahmins say, Am' and go into a hypnotic state. It makes no difference what the syllable is, they might just as well say 'spoon."—Cowley resolves to try the latter.
- Prof. Roe.—"A" may represent anything—any class of things—may represent a class of wise men, or it may represent *this* class.
- Prof. Magoun.—"That reminds me of a woman who —."
- Miss Nelson, (intent on translating)—"Go now and entreat the Gods!"
- Miss Florence Ashley.—"Good morning, Mr. Voorhees."
 Voorhees.—"Good morning, Miss Fitch!!"
- Mr. Rain.—"I can't conceive of men kissing each other like a lot of school girls." Miss Rankin.—"Why, I can." Mr. Rain.—"Its my experience that they'd rather do it to some one else."
- Prof. King.—"The color red will quicken heart-beats much faster than black will." Voice (from back of room.)—"That must be why Jesse Childs is such a success socially."
- Fritts. (in oratory.)—"There are lovely women there, for them we wear these arms," (pointing to his biceps.)

- Prof. Gaylord, to Brand.—"Look at the whole audience when you speak—at the men as well as the women."
- Prof. Roe.—"We can *talk* to our wives and sweethearts in words, but when we get down to business we want symbols."
- Prof. Kelsey.—"Try again, Mr. Seibert. Can't do it? I think, perhaps, if you had your notes before you, you could recite all right."
- Cad, (in first Greek.)—"I can't never tell them labial mutes from the *palatials*."
- Downs, (reading.)—"Tell me what the man said before he died and after."
- Sociological Professor.—"Miss Woodford, what is the author's theory in regard to marriage?" Miss W.—"He believes that marriage should be restricted, but (thoughtfully,) I hardly think that is practicable."
- Thanksgiving night, Jesse Childs.—"Miss S—, won't you take my arm?" Miss S—"No thanks, I fear I'll have all I can do to stand up myself."
- Miss Hart, (dissecting a cray fish.)—"Please will you pass me a jaw, Mr. Newcomb—if you have one you are not using."
- Pringle, (called on to scan Latin.)—"Miss Allen, I scun that yesterday."



College Calendar.

June 12.—'95's Annual comes out. Sheffield goes to chapel without his gloves. Senior party. Fred Loomis sends flowers to Miss R. with this card: "To you it is only a rosebud, to me it is my heart."

July 21.—Prof. Anderegg attends the "Wild Jim" Cowboy show and buys an autobiography of the gentleman for a quarter.

Sept. 6, A. M.—Miss Beulah Johnson leaves town for a year's vacation in the south.

Sept. 6, P. M —Alvan Sherrill invests \$2.00 in stationery.

Sept. 12.—Grabill telegraphs to Pres. Ballantine

congratulations that he (Grabill) will be able to return to school the coming year.

Sept. 17.—Prof. King arrives in town. Oberlin book dealers order a carload of blue pencils.

Sept. 18.—Several important arrivals in town. A. Cad, Jr., telegraphs the President to meet him at the train.

Sept. 19.—The "dem'd horrid grind" begins.

Sept. 26.—The Review?

Sept. 27.—Where is the Review?

Sept. 28.—The Review finally appears.



Sept. 29.—"Prof." Stetson and his little brother take a ride on the merry-go-round at the fair.

Oct. 1.—Boothman's dog "Jim" entices him within the precincts of the chapel walls.

Oct. 2.—Mr. Rain describes Carlyle to his Rhetoric class as a "gnarled and knotty piece of granite."

Oct. 3.—Walt. Wood is asked if he wears bloomers when he plays foot ball.

Oct. 3.—Kenyon vs. Oberlin. Squire makes his debut as foot ball chorister.

Oct. 5.—Reub. Strong calls at Talcott with one tan shoe and one patent leather.

Oct. 6.—Two members respond to roll call in Prof. Carver's class in "Finance."

Oct. 7.—Penniman sings a solo in Psych. class.

Oct. 7.—Dr. Brand (at church): "Prof. Bosworth will preach next Sunday morning and perhaps all day.

Oct. 8.—Rattled theologue in prayer meeting: "Oh, Lord, bless our cemetery!"

Oct. 9.--Prof. Andrews sits down on the chapel audience.

Oct. 27.—Cy Voorhees gets the buck fever at Washington-Jefferson.



Oct. 29.—Freshmen distribute tracts among Sophs. after Junior-Sophomore game.

Nov. 3.—"James Crow," of the Athletic Department, goes home on account of sore eyes.

Nov. 3.—Oberlin swipes Case—20-6.

Nov. 7.—Adelbert rubs it in on Oberlin--22-4.

Nov. 7.—Simply as a matter affording an interesting opportunity for scientific investigation, Mr. Brand would

like to ask Prof. Carver what became of the young lady who started in with a class of eleven boys?

Nov. to.--Sophs. hold auction sale of choices on girls for the Thanksgiving party.

Nov. 10.—Bob Upham gives a "Wisconsin" banquet at the Park House.

Nov. 14.—"Chappy" Hull goes into active training for Thanksgiving party.

Nov. 15.—Raymond takes his class cane to bed with him.

Nov. 16 — "Daby" Haskell earns a dime by appearing at his boarding house attired in a foot ball suit and a plug hat.

Nov. 17.—Oberlin is "out-beefed" at Ann Arbor.

Nov. 19.—Juniors vs. Sophomores. Curtis of '96 lunches off Gould's finger.

Nov. 20.—"Prof." Stetson makes psychological observations on the earth-worm.

Nov. 21.—Jameson takes precedence of Harper's Latin Lexicon, according to Prof. Magoun.

Nov. 22.—Raymond takes his quarterly shave.

Nov. 23 —Miss Bessie Adams picks a lock from the head of a Penn. State foot ball player.

Nov. 24.—Senior girls appear in their new mortar-boards.

Nov. 24.—History: Mrs. Johnston informs Skeels that he is slow.

Nov. 26.—Foot ball: Skeels makes a touchdown in $4\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

Nov. 26. Dorothy Emerson Fairfax Brown goes to Cleveland to have her eyes treated and comes back as Mrs. Heisman.

Nov. 29.—Thanksgiving. Massa wanders about Peters unable to discover the Senior party.

Dec. 2 —Prof. Carver offers a course in statistics. Suffocating rush of students to get into the class.

Dec. 6.—Haskell delivers his treatise on "Suns" in Prof. Monroe's class.

Dec. 12.—Dorsett weighed by Dr. Leonard and found wanting—just 74 pounds to make him an even three hundred.

Dec. 13.—Messiah Concerts. Miss Clary carries on a flirtation with Bob Cowley!

Dec. 15.—Prof. King disciplined by the faculty.

Dec. 16.—Glee Club starts on western trip.

Dec. 17.—Glee Club starts on western trip.

Dec. 26.—White, Burke and Clancy draw the hook and ladder cart to the N. Pleasant St. hen-coop fire.

Dec. 29.—Mooney recommended in society as a "man of high standing among us."

Jan. 3.—Fire bell rings. Miss Garvin and the boys tumble out of Prof. Monroe's class.

Jan. 9.—Nephew James goes to class prayer meeting under charge of Aunt Adelia.

Jan. 10. - Rockefeller Rink ready for sliding.

Jan. 10.—Gulick makes his famous drawing.

Jan. 11.—Brand-Gulick duel.

Jan. 11, Evening.—Hosford awaits the inevitable at Talcott Hall. The inevitable didn't recognize him and 7:30 finds him still alone.

Jan. 12.—Review. Miss Pinneo has resigned her position as president of the Y. M. C. A.

Jan. 21.—Bill Chamberlain and Daby Haskell voted into L. L. S.

Feb. 4.—Prof. Jewett announces that the men's report box will be moved nearer to the Fire(ing)place. Freshmen look blue.

Feb. 6.—Charlie Brand roasts the Faculty.

Feb. 7.—Prof. Magoun (at Consolation Skating Park, to Gibbs): I used to be quite a skater when I was a *little fellow*.

Feb. 9.—Phrenologist examines Daby Haskell's head.

Feb. 10.—Yocum resolves not to be an old bachelor.

Feb. 11.—Society congress. Gibbs classes Raymond along with the Glee Club and Varsity teams as one of the advertising institutions of the college.

Feb. 20.—Prof. Jewett gets an Annual subscription instead of a report.

Feb. 21.—Junior girls wear Senior caps to lecture.

Feb. 22.—Peters Hall. Tower room is locked. Spoony people make use of Dr. Leonard's office instead. Prof. Swing (showing Mrs. Swing about the Hall, opens the door of the office): "This, my dear, is the kissing gallery."

March 1.—Prof. Magoun describes the atrium of a Roman villa: "It was covered with a hole in the roof."



March 2.—Squire's work at the Newark convention.

March 16.—Jamie Gulick wakes after a long nap in church just as the choir sings "Awake, my chosen few."

March 17. -Fred White invents a new hair lotion.

March 20.—Prof. Martin calls on Prof. Magoun. Mrs. Magoun, receiving him: "I do not know whether the Doctor is in or not." (Turns and calls): "Oh, *Doctor*, *Mr*. Martin would like to see you!"

March 21.—The Review: "Mr. Z. Swift Holbrook will be unable to meet his class in sociology for the remainder of the term. . . . The class passed resolutions of thanks."

March 27.—Ira Shaw implores good citizens to bear with the Students' Band.

March 29.—Three Senior canes take a trip to Elyria with a Junior crowd.

April 1.—All Fools' Day. Miss Weston and Miss Stone celebrate by voting. For particulars inquire of Horner or Stanton.

April 8.—Prof. Kelsey, making an announcement in chapel: "Botany 3 and *five* students will meet at the Finney House to morrow."

April 11.—Charms of base ball entice Prof. Roe from class room duties. Excused, being first offense.

April 12.—On account of the disabled condition of its members the Faculty base ball team resolves to discontinue practice.

April 13.—U. L. A. meeting. A. Z. and Mr. Grabill kick on a principle.

April 15.—Childs refers to 1 Corinthians 13, as "that chapter about love and the tinkling cymbals."

April 15.—Junior girls appear at Thursday lecture in class caps of their own.

April 17.—Sheffield consents to play on the Senior base ball team on condition that he be allowed to wear a glove on each hand.

April 21.—Junior Stag Party. The ghostly obsequies are performed and Junior X once more "requiescats."

April 22.—Prof. A. A. Wright wickedly exhumes the corpse for dissection in Anatomy Lab.

April 27, 2 A. M.—Junior X. is planted to stay.

April 28.--The Faculty conclude to take it as a joke.

May 1.—'98 put its foot in it.

May 4-—Boothman and Fitch are nominated as delegates to the Prohibition mass meeting at Elyria. They refuse on ground of inability to get permission to leave town.

May 13.—Baldwin-Wallace base ball game: Bob Upham gets in as manager and Ed. Fitch as treasurer of the team. Bowers and Behr have to buy tickets.

May 17.—Mr. Cowdery to Dr. Leonard: "Good morning, Doctor. Won't you give me a ride on your wheel?"

Dr.: "Where? On the handle bars?"

Mr. C.: "Yes."

Dr.: "Sorry, but I left the baby carrier at home this morning."

May 20.—At present writing the Annual hopes to be out by the Fourth of July.



July 4.—Mr. Sheffield at the seaside

Below will be found an interesting account of the trip to Chicago taken by Abr. Z. Swift Holbrook's class in Sociology last spring vacation:

N conclusion the Editors desire to express their sincere gratitude to the many students and alumni who, by their contributions and cordial interest, have made it possible for us to put forth the present volume.

We wish especially to thank the following for the valuable assistance which they have rendered:

In Literary Work—Miss Cornelia M. Johnson, Miss Elsie M. Tade, Mr. H. J. Haskell and Mr. J. C. Childs.

In Artistic Work—Mr. Frank C. Lind of Columbus, O.; Miss Bertha M. Waters, Miss Lillian French, Miss Edith B. Brand and Mr. Henry Rudesill.

We would also express to Miss Pearl M. Dillow, who has been practically identified with the Board in much of the preparation and in the arrangement of the book, our grateful appreciation of the competent aid which she has given in all lines of work.

Finally, the business management desires to express thanks to Mr. Lynn C. Skeels and Mr. A. G. Comings, who have rendered valuable assistance in that department.

Hwards.

Literary.

JUDGES: Prof. W. I. Thomas.
Miss A. M. Abbott.
Dr. F. E. Leonard.

Prize Poem.

Prize Story.

FIRST: "A Pastel—At the Organ," . Elsie M. Tade, Con. Second: "Classmates," Susan Lord Currier, '95.

Prize Farce.

FIRST: "The Sale of Indulgences," . . Louis E. Lord, '97.

Rebaptism of the Reverend Seniors.

Ruddy Eared Bowers.

Cane Avenger Brand.

Suave Deceiver Callender.

Whoop-er-up Holiness Dawley.

Vociferous Howler Deming.

Joyful Always Hawley.

Regnant Windbags Himukamuk Hosford.

Faculty Cusser McClave.

Cautious Funeral McClure.

Rusher Football Massa.

Joke Lover Meriam,

Giant Wiseacre Mooney.

Old Rye Newcomb.

Eternal Croker Partridge.

Attenuated Skeleton Patterson.

Western Cyclone Prentiss.

Gun Powder Proctor.

College Regulator Raymond.

Aesthetic Dude Sheffield.

Hot Water Smithkons.

Cold Flunker Tambling.

Brotherly Affection Williams.

That Hocus-Pocus Wilson.

Loving Men Church.

Rustic Dweller Close.

Supremely Literary Currier.

Always Eating Fish.

Wins Ernie Graffam.

Radiant Leiter.

Get-there Millikan.

Jingle-bells Patton.

Satirical Sputterer Ray.

Eschewing Men Roberts.

Bottled Activity Wilcox.



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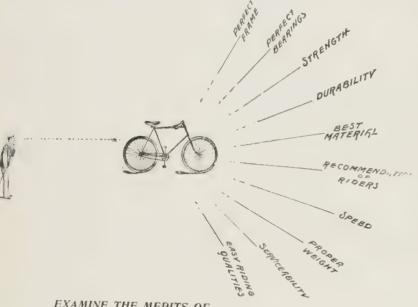






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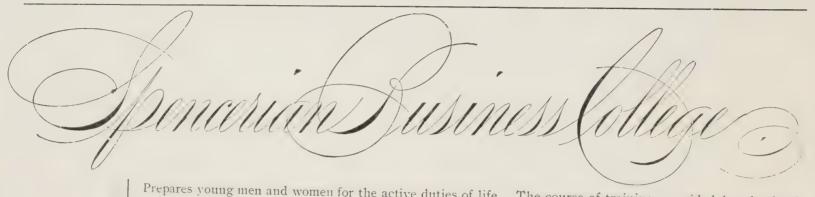
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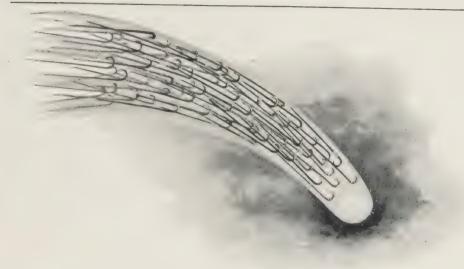
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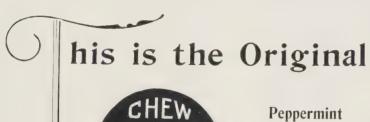
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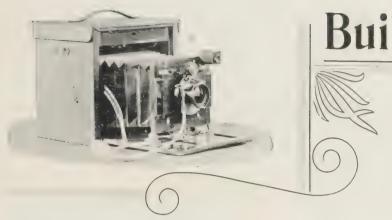
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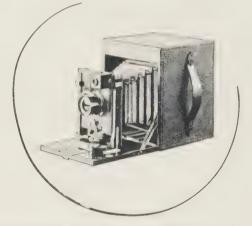


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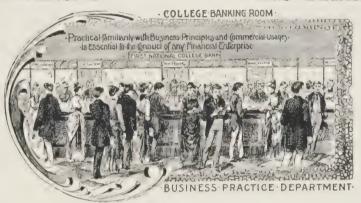
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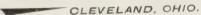


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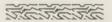




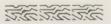
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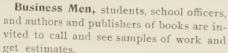
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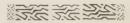
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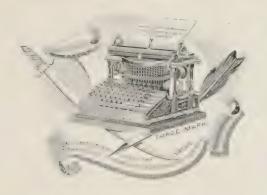
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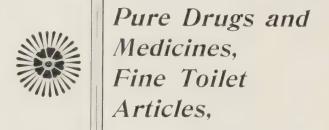
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